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By James Burnham

—PAGE 830

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Henry Hazlitt is the author of ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON, THE FAILURE OF THE "NEW ECONOMICS", THE FREE MAN'S LIBRARY, TIME WILL RUN BACK, WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INFLATION and seven other books. He has contributed articles to the NEW YORK TIMES, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, NATIONAL REVIEW, HUMAN EVENTS, NEWSWEEK and many other publications.

Professor Murray Rothbard is a prolific author as well as economic analyst and scholar. His books include AMERICA'S GREAT DEPRESSION, POWER AND MARKET, MAN, ECONOMY AND STATE and WHAT HAS GOVERNMENT DONE TO OUR MONEY? Dr. Rothbard has contributed articles to six other books and to the NEW YORK TIMES, INTELLECTUAL DIGEST, THE FREEMAN, HUMAN EVENTS, QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF ECONOMICS, AMERICAN ECONOMIC REVIEW and dozens of other publications.

Professor Milton Friedman is author of CAPITALISM AND FREEDOM, A PROGRAM FOR MONETARY STABILITY, DOLLARS AND DEFICITS and A MONETARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, as well as dozens of articles in scholarly and popular publications around the world. He writes a regular economics column for NEWSWEEK.

Leonard Read is President of the Foundation for Economic Education. He is the author of THE FREE MARKET AND ITS ENEMY, ELEMENTS OF LIBERTARIAN LEADERSHIP, LET FREEDOM REIGN and eight other noted books about freedom and the free market.

Professor Percy Greaves has contributed articles to six books including ON FREEDOM AND FREE ENTERPRISE and ON LIBERTY. He has written for the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, NATIONAL REVIEW, HUMAN EVENTS, THE FREEMAN and numerous other publications.

W.M. Curtiss is author of THE TARIFF IDEA, and Executive Secretary of The Foundation for Economic Education.

Paul Poirot is author of THE PENSION IDEA and Editor of THE FREEMAN.

Dean Russell is author of THE TVA IDEA, FREDERIC BASTIAT: IDEAS AND INFLUENCE, and numerous articles on economics.

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Letters

Shroud of Turin

Congratulations are in order to NATIONAL REVIEW for publishing Barbara M. Sullivan's excellent article on the Shroud of Turin ["How in Fact Was Jesus Christ Laid in His Tomb?," July 20].

Any NATIONAL REVIEW readers who are interested in gathering more information on the Shroud may write to: Fr. Hilary Conti, O.S.B., c/o Holy Face Monastery, Clifton, N.J. 07012. Fr. Hilary gives an excellent slide presentation on the authenticity of the Shroud of Turin. It is well worth attending and will confirm Mrs. Sullivan's thesis. Booklets on the history of the Shroud are also available from the monastery.

Milton, N.J. ALFRED W. KUCINSKI

My congratulations to Barbara M. Sullivan on her excellent article.

I was so fascinated by Mrs. Sullivan's simulations of how the Shroud was wrapped that I conducted my own experiments with a piece of paper. It was also interesting to learn that Jesus Christ was not pierced through the palms with nails but through the wrists, and that the crown of thorns was cap-like instead of a circlet. Perhaps after the commission's finding regarding the authenticity of the Shroud, the depictions of the Crucifixion will be altered.

I would like to point out another extremely interesting fact that was omitted by Mrs. Sullivan: The Holy Shroud of Turin has not deteriorated in any way after all these centuries, and is not protected by any sort of pressurized vault or preservatives.

Boston, Mass. FRANCIS X. O'MALLEY

Dear Mr. Mano . . .

I liked Keith Mano's column in the July 6 issue ["Dear Mr. Rusher . . ."]. I think he has made a strong point. A little venom might serve as a safety valve for the silenced (and angry) majority. Too bad *NR* can't be two magazines: one for the present cerebral readership, the other for the less articulate majority, which, as Mano admits, would probably be unable to digest his article.

Tenafly, N.J. MARY GAUERKE

In my opinion, Keith Mano hit the nail smack on the head. I think we have, indeed, allowed the liberals to set the ground rules, to lay out the parameters.

I always have this trouble when I discuss, or, more accurately, when I *try* to discuss domestic problems with my liberal friends. I'm allowed to oppose busing, for instance, on the grounds that many black parents *also* oppose it, but *not* because it's simply bad law, or too disruptive, or has nothing to do with good education. If I do *that*, it puts me on the same side as, say, George Wallace, and is, therefore, a no-no.

Perhaps Mano may find the following as helpful to him as it has been to me: When I come up against that sort of guilt-by-association crap (a quote, a quote, as you say) I remind my liberal opponents of Winston Churchill's great line—"The trouble with being right is that it puts you in bed with such bloody 'bahstards.' "

New York, N.Y. A. L. ISRAEL

I remember hearing Mr. Buckley tell a liberal guest on *Firing Line* that the reason why Mr. Buckley could think logically about political issues, and Mr. Liberal Guest could not, was "grace."

I had my doubts—up until now. It had to be Divine Providence that sent Mr. Keith Mano to you. His "Dear Mr. Rusher . . ." piece stands as the best warning your venerable magazine has received. And it was perfectly fitting and proper that he seemed to have written it in a flash of white heat, teeth gritted, fists clenched. I hope you listen. I hope you didn't publish it to demonstrate to liberal America how much more liberal *you* at NATIONAL REVIEW are than *they* at *New Republic*. (Imagine—we even publish our in-fighting!) If you are listening to Mr. Mano maybe more of the American people will keep their subscriptions—even if you lose some of your well-earned reputation for being the "decent-minded conservatives."

Mahopac, N.Y. JAMES FITZPATRICK

Garry Sober? . . .

M. J. Sobran Jr. devoted six valued pages of NATIONAL REVIEW to a highly diverting, erudite critique of Garry Wills ["The Newborn Garry Wills," June 22]. As en-

(Continues on page 855)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ At loggerheads, Sen. **J. William Fulbright** and numbers of his Democratic colleagues. Sen. **Henry Jackson** (Wash.), on Fulbright's espousal of increased trade with the Soviet Union: "Fulbright, along with Brezhnev, is the principal advocate of one-way deals with the Russians—we give and they take." . . . Sen. **Russell Long** (La.) on much the same subject (liberalized trade with Peking): "If we get taken by the Chinamen as bad as we got taken by the Russians [on the wheat deal] we'll be washing their clothes before this thing is over." . . . Sen. **Hubert Humphrey**, on the Fulbright-led vote against the nomination of former U.S. Ambassador to Laos **McMurtrie Godley**, as Assistant Secretary of State: "It was wrong to punish a guy like Godley who was just taking orders." (Humphrey, **McGee**, and **Sparkman** were the only three Democrats on the Foreign Relations Committee to vote for Godley.) . . . Finally, Foreign Relations Committee voted to provide funds for **Radio Free Europe** and **Radio Liberty** for the next two years. Fulbright has been trying to kill the RFE and Radio Liberty appropriations for years. He was joined in the vote against funding them by **Stuart Symington** (Mo.) and Senate Democratic Leader **Mike Mansfield** (Mont.). The bill was sponsored by liberal Republican **Charles Percy.**

■ The new in-fighting in the White House, say columnists **Evans & Novak**, has Gen. **Alexander Haig** and **Ronald Ziegler** lined up against the pros, **Mel Laird** and **Bryce Harlow**; E&N believe the Haig-Ziegler team is on top at the moment. . . . **LBJ** speechwriter **Robert Hardesty** (who also helped ghost Johnson's *The Vantage Point*) says Johnson did "have the capability on his telephone to record" both in his office and in his bedroom, but that it "wasn't anything that went on automatically." . . . *Washington Post* columnist **Chalmers**

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Roberts has dug up a story that **FDR**, way back then, had a stenographer, at the other end of a ventilator shaft, taking notes clandestinely when he deemed it important. . . . Washington freelance reporter **Winzola McLendon**, who will handle the **Martha Mitchell** book—if there is a Martha Mitchell book—has, according to **Maxine Cheshire**, turned down a $1-million offer from David McKay Co. Not high enough, apparently. . . . Missing at the party **George McGovern** gave the other night to celebrate the first anniversary of his nomination, original running-mate **Thomas Eagleton** who didn't make the guest list. . . . McGovern in a few words to the enthusiastic, nostalgic crowd of former supporters and campaign workers—campaign managers **Gary Hart** and **Frank Mankiewicz** were on hand—said it was "a great year for the arts. The McGovern people have become writers, and the Nixon people have become singers." (Hart's book is just out, Mankiewicz' is en route.)

■ Moves toward the center: In the House Rep. **Gillis Long** (D., La.) is trying to organize a group of moderate Democrats to counter the influence of the liberal, and effective, Democratic Study Group. He hopes to enlist sixty congressmen. . . . When asked about the **Teddy Kennedy** appearance at a July 4 rally in his honor, Gov. **George Wallace** explained that Democratic leaders "who have been ultraliberal see now that the center is the place to get at." . . . At a lower level, Wallace shared a platform at another Democratic Party affair in Atlanta a week ago with radical black State Representative **Julian Bond**.

■ It was happiness time in France for leftist intellectuals, who haven't had it so good since Angela Davis was sprung. Five hundred signed a petition last week to protest the outlawing of the **Trotskyist Communist League** and the imprisonment of its leaders **Alain Krivine** and **Pierre Rousset**. (The Communist League and the rightist **Ordre Nouveau** were both outlawed after Left Bank street battles a fortnight earlier.) Among the signatories: **Simone** and **Jean-Paul**, **Régis Debray** (Che's pal), **Michèle Rey**, **Jean Seberg**, **Constantine Costa-Gravas** (*Z* and *State of Siege*). . . . None, incidentally, has protested the retrial and imprisonment of Soviet dissident writer **Andrei Amalrik**. But Amalrik's trial was protested by American writers **John Hersey**, **Arthur Miller**, **John Updike**, **Robert Penn Warren**, **Harrison Salisbury**, among others. . . . The staff of *Il Messaggero*, Rome's largest daily, walked off the job rather than serve under their new managing editor, **Luigi Barzini** (*The Italians*), on the grounds that Barzini, a member of the conservative Liberal Party, would politicize the paper.

■ Going the rounds in **Helsinki**: The foreign ministers of the 35 nations represented are trying to decide how the invitation to the final conference should be addressed: "Chief of State"? "Head of Government"? "Highest Authority"?, but have to drop the whole matter when the Vatican representative confesses he can't guarantee the attendance of his "highest authority."

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we peek once again Inside China, and find confusion twice confounded. Professor (Yale) **David Nelson Rowe** dissents from Charles J. V. Murphy's dramatic account of the death of Lin Piao (*NR*, June 8) and offers his own equally dramatic scenario. Mr. Rowe was born in Nanking, grew up in Central China, came to the United States to attend Princeton (B.A.), Southern California (M.A.) and Chicago (PhD.); studied in Peking in the 1930s and taught at Taiwan University in the 1950s; has written or edited several books and more than fifty articles on China. . . . Want to reduce unemployment? Try reducing welfare and unemployment benefits, suggests **Gordon Tullock.** More study is needed, but graphs of the two factors seem suspiciously similar. . . . Trouble is, economists—even (especially?) conservative economists—have great difficulty agreeing: **Wm. F. Rickenbacker**'s column this issue criticizes the mosquito-control theories of Gordon Tullock. Calmly, now, gentlemen. . . . School integration is a menace—at least when it's the sexes that are being integrated. **George Gilder** reminds us that boys and girls are, well, *different*, and develop in different ways and at different paces. He wonders whether we shouldn't educate them separately, the way the sexually well-adjusted Samoans do. . . . Freshest advices from abroad: **Nena Ossa** assesses that unsuccessful coup d'etat in Chile, and wonders if things may not deteriorate to the point that her neighbors will attack that unhappy country; **John Phillips**, editor of the Canadian magazine *Farm and Country*, describes a breathtaking development—*farmers* subsidizing *industry*, with the government nowhere to be seen.

—CHS

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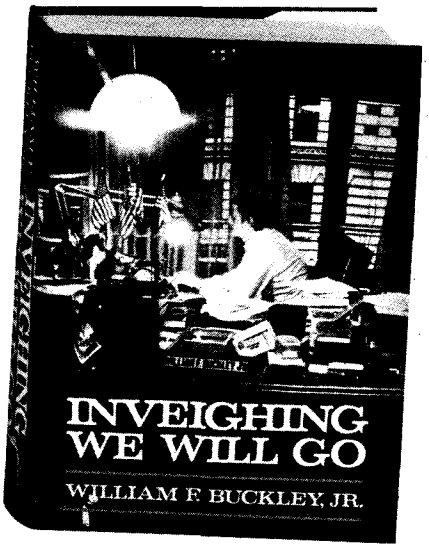

by Lucille M. Guardala

You simply won't be able to find a more absorbing or fascinating book this season than "Inveighing We Will Go." It is really the perfect book for Buckley fans young and old alike, because there is something of interest for everyone! The book is a veritable "best of Buckley"—it is amazing how one person can write with such knowledge and authority on so many subjects. "Inveighing We Will Go" has to be the best example of the famous Buckley style to date.

Imagine, if you can, a book that deals with the lurking horrors of Communist societies, that peels away the veneer of the media's simplicities to expose the real factors at work behind politician's pronouncements, and yet finds the time to muse on the Anniversary of Beethoven's birth. And all under one cover!

A New Approach

But there are other surprises in store for Buckley fans in this book. Bill Buckley himself in the book's introduction says: "In other collections I think there was a little more anfractuosity than in this one, in which here and there I blurt forth more plain-spokenly on some of the concrete problems of the day . . . things like pollution, conscription, ecology, social welfare and even Women's Lib." And that's only the beginning! You'll find plenty of stimulating writing, straightforward and baroque (in the very best Buckley style) on: Ireland, India, the whole Red China affair, Israel, Railroad Reform, Busing, Price Controls, Inflation, Communism in Chile, Revenue-Sharing, Labor Unions, the Pentagon Papers, the New York *Times*, Helen Gurley Brown's *Cosmopolitan*, the end of the War, and much more.

The subjects covered are many and varied, true, but it's what Bill Buckley has to say about each subject that is so different. In these days of T.V. news coverage, we get so used to the surface reality of news events, that we often tend to lose the real meaning of the event and its implications on our lives. Buckley reminds us, lest we get carried away by Presidential toasts in Peking, that for all the droves of docile and industrious Chinese, Mao had executed hundreds of thousands . . . for all the surface ambience and prosperity of today's Yugoslavia, Tito initially eliminated all his opposition.

What He Says

The book begins with the full text of Bill Buckley's famous *Playboy* interview. The interview is vintage Buckley (he gets the better of *Playboy* on numerous occasions), witty—really a classic, but it is also a fine summation of his views on a host of subjects. And don't miss the sections on Politics, the Education of the Kids, the Church or the Personals about Edgar Smith, Clare Boothe Luce, Tom Wolfe, or his brother, Sen. James Buckley.

Naturally, one of the unusual features of any Buckley book is the great wealth of pithy, quotable quotes to use in your own discussions. Well, "Inveighing We Will Go" is no disappointment in this area. Here are some examples:

"Sometimes I feel that John Lindsay is much more useful as a failure, than ever he would have been as a success. In that not insignificant sense, we are indebted to him."

"The fact is, the kind of confidence in America and American institutions that made Woodrow Wilson the idol of an epoch in twentieth-century, liberal American history is, well, dissipated."

"China seems to have killed or otherwise disposed of the incremental objector, so as to have achieved the society of the perfectly misled."

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THE WEEK

■ The bureaucrats can't wait to get the new loot. Mr. Hud, Under Secretary of HYDE, is reported to have told some pet troughers that Mr. Nixon's spending cuts in social programs were a "disastrous mistake" soon to be corrected. If spending cuts are a disaster, we need Armageddon.

■ The House has passed a minimum-wage bill that would raise the pay of most non-farm workers to $2.20 an hour next year, and extend that minimum to domestic and farm workers by 1975-76. This is largely a ritualistic blessing for an accomplished fact: The 1971-72 average hourly wage for female janitors, porters, and cleaners in 22 metropolitan areas was $2.27; the January 1972 average wage of California farm workers was $2.38. But in communities where living costs are low, and the employer often doesn't earn much more than the employee, some jobs will disappear. Memphis secretaries, who average $2.91 an hour (as opposed to Detroit secretaries, who average $4.43), will simply stay home rather than pay $2.20 an hour for the domestic help that frees them to work, and teenagers will go on welfare when unskilled jobs disappear under the pressure of the new legal minimum.

■ The Senate, that nursery of simple solutions, has passed a "sense of the Congress" resolution urging states to reduce highway speed limits by ten miles per hour, or down to a maximum of 55 mph, or something, in order to help ease the celebrated gasoline shortage. Jennings Randolph (D., W. Va.), wanted to go even further; he proposed that federal highway aid be denied states that refuse to lower their limits. The well-meaning senators ignored the fact that drivers pretty much set their own speed limits: Whether the posted limit on a road designed for 40 mph is 20 or 60, folks will drive 40. Our Interstate highways are designed for 70 mph, and there aren't cops enough to force us to drive on them at an unrealistic 55. Indeed, highway safety experts are already worried that the voluntary "slow-down" campaign sponsored by the oil companies will be heeded by only a small percentage of Americans, with whom the rest will have horrendous rear-end collisions. Only solution we can see is that of the late Sen. Wiley Stoneburner, who wanted to revive the laws passed in many states in McKinley's first term, that required all automobiles to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag or lantern—to warn the horses.

■ The Penn Central trustees proposed (threatened?) to stop all freight and passenger service over a ten-week period beginning Oct. 31 unless they receive $600 to $800 million in government aid. In a crucial aside, the trustees noted that the "present regulatory system does not permit a timely streamlining . . . to eliminate unprofitable excess mileage." In other words, the timely demise of the ICC could prevent the untimely choice between all-or-nothing service and massive, bottomless taxpayer involvement.

■ Phase IV is being launched in an atmosphere of increasing skepticism. It is no secret that the Secretaries of Labor, Commerce, Agriculture, and Treasury would like an early escape from the wage-price control fiasco, as would the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, the director of the Cost of Living Council and the Council's labor-management advisory committee. A recent article by economists Edgar Feige and Douglas Pearce in *Challenge*, and another by James Lothian and Arthur Gandolfi in First National City Bank's *Monthly Economic Letter*, present evidence that Phase II controls had no long-run effect on the rate of inflation. If expert opinion is falling off the controls bandwagon, however, no amount of adverse experience seems to shake the public's faith. Though 87 plants have stopped or slowed production as a result of Phase 3½, Gallup finds 59 per cent of the nation's Republicans and 47 per cent of the Democrats still favoring "strict controls . . . on both prices and wages."

■ Congressman Steve Symms of Idaho introduced a modest bill requiring that Russia and China put up money when they take American wheat off the hands of the United States Government. The bill would permit American farmers, or farm associations, to make sales to the Russians and the Chinese on any terms that suited them, i.e., most emphatically, the American farmers. The bill, exemplary in so many respects—it would ease the food shortage here, and put more pressure on the Communists to wage love not war—of course lost, by 246 to 139. Interestingly enough, the farm-state conservatives stood by the Symms Amendment, while the summer conservatives voted against it, siding with such urban lefties as Bella Abzug, who voted in clear disregard of the interest of her urban constituency in lower food prices.

■ The power of the new Consumer Product Safety Commission is such that it can, as Diane K. Shah puts it in the *National Observer*, "ban sale of most everything that everybody uses every day." Chairman Richard O. Simpson admits this: "It's possible to make this a complete witch-hunt. I want to prevent that." On the other hand, he genially flexes the Commission's muscles: "We've already been asked to look into women's platform shoes. And I suppose if there were enough complaints about the hazards of wearing maxicoats, we could even regulate length." The Commission has also been

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asked to look into such items as tricycles, swimming pools, and the artificial turf used on football fields. Oddly enough, the CPSC's headquarters have been pronounced unsafe by the General Services Administration. "The GSA says there's supposed to be two fire escapes on each floor," says Simpson, "and there aren't. But it doesn't bother me." Which pretty well sums up how our Johnny feels about the lack of safety devices on his trike.

■ The American Civil Liberties Union, exploiting the Supreme Court's January decision, is leading a drive to deprive hospitals of the liberty to refuse to perform abortions. So far the ACLU and its allies have won court battles in New Jersey and Massachusetts; a New Jersey judge will soon rule on whether such compulsion will apply to all nonsectarian, nonprofit hospitals in that state. The ACLU's notion of civil liberties has always been eccentric; but it is especially odd that it will not concede the same rights of conscience to the trustees of a nonsectarian hospital that it used to champion for nonreligious conscientious objectors.

■ It comes as no surprise that the General Accounting Office uncovered signs of gross mismanagement on our side of the Soviet wheat deal. The Justice Department, however, found no evidence of criminal fraud or conflict of interest—just plain bungling. Meanwhile we learn that Moscow and Peking are buying another 10.5 million tons of grain from this country, while Japan is seething over President Nixon's ban on soybean exports —a staple in the Japanese diet, supplied almost solely by the U.S., to the large profit of our farmers, railroads, and exporters. Though the export ban has been eased, the incident has strengthened Japan's feeling that the U.S. is an unpredictable trading partner.

■ Though Tokyo has withdrawn recognition from Nationalist China, Japan and Taiwan continue to maintain unofficial relations that are highly profitable for both. Writing from Taipei, Tillman Durdin reports in the *New York Times* that trade between the two countries has reached new highs, with Taiwan's exports to Japan so far this year more than doubling those of early 1972. More than a thousand Japanese visit Taiwan daily, many of them businessmen seeking to make investments, and the two countries still exchange athletes, entertainers, and technicians. Air traffic amounts to over fifty flights per week; and although Communist China will not permit Japan Air Lines to enter its borders until it ceases doing business with Taiwan the Japanese have so far refused to yield to those terms. All in all, a supple, realistic, and profitable arrangement for both Japan and Free China.

■ Seven East German border guards who gunned down one refugee and captured two others were decorated last week for "special, courageous, and steadfast conduct." This arrogant slap by East German authorities at World Opinion and the Spirit of Detente was in obvious response to infuriated West Berliners who marched on the Wall after the incident and tore a hole in it six feet high, to the cheers of a French military policeman. Willy Brandt has not been heard from.

■ Inflation is taking its toll worldwide. We are sad to report that the price of a bride in rural Malaysia has doubled in the past ten years. As a result, some of the boys are leaving for the big city, some of the overpriced maidens face spinsterhood, and some penurious lovers are letting themselves get caught in compromising situations, so that their families are forced to let them marry cheaply to avoid public shame.

■ After 533 years, Eton College has finally admitted a girl, 17-year-old Lucy Bourne. An editorial in the school paper complained that under the circumstances Miss Bourne is "a social misfit," and contended that Eton ought to make up its mind whether to go thoroughly coed or to remain open to males only. To which Miss Bourne commented that the writer was—"a male chauvinist pig." One girl in the whole goddam place, and she had to be one of *those*.

■ Making it unanimous, the Postal Service (as it is officially known nowadays) announced July 1 that its services are not speedy enough for "some" types of "corporate mail." In a decision reaffirming its monopoly of first-class mail delivery, the Board of Governors proved its mastery of bureaucratese by "suspending" the monopoly on certain types of "intra-company" mail and on certain data-processing material: both, the governors noted, "so urgent as to require delivery within twelve hours or by the start of the next business day"—a challenge so formidable that the governors conceded defeat in advance. Several private outfits stepped eagerly forward into this first tiny breach in the mail monopoly wall.

To the Dowager Empress

Old harridan, you should be living now:
Marines stand at attention in Peking.
When Chinese meet Americans, they bow
And talk of better barter deals come spring.
You'd miss the ever-present ting-a-ling
Of ladies practicing their ancient trade.
In Mao's China, all the children *sing*,
While beggars have been banished from the shade.
Today, the "foreign devils" buy your jade;
Our President enjoyed a recent stay.
A Ming exhibit gets an accolade
As Communism zigs and zags its way.
Soon, Chou will help us celebrate The Fourth.
The reason, ma'am, is Russia to the north.

W. H. VON DREELE

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■ The trouble with Burundi is that there is no such thing as a Burundian. There are, however, the Tutsis—they run Burundi. There are also Hutus, who comprise a majority in Burundi, though not by the same margin they held two years ago: Last year the Tutsis killed eighty thousand Hutus, and now they have renewed their population-control campaign with a zeal that outstrips their technological means, using knives and spears when there aren't enough firearms to go around. Neither the figure eighty thousand nor any foreseeable multiple of it is likely to shock a world whose sensibilities have been numbed by the figure six million; but one might have expected at least a *peep* of outrage from the UN General Assembly, whose hobbies include censuring South Africa and passing Genocide Conventions.

■ Seems only yesterday that we fought the Vietnam war in order—so the kook-Left explanation went—to take control of "vast offshore oil reserves." Now drilling rights on those reserves have been auctioned off to four oil companies—two American, one Canadian, one British-Dutch. The oilmen gave South Vietnam a nice deal on royalties (12 per cent of gross income plus 55 per cent of taxable income after expenses); but the initial flat fee of $16 million suggests that the reserves are indeed, as one South Vietnamese official puts it, "likely to be small."

■ Andrei Amalrik, who just finished a three-year sentence in Siberia, has been sentenced to yet another three years on the very same charge of "defaming the Soviet state." International interest in the Amalrik case prompted 32 foreign correspondents in Moscow to write the Soviet Foreign Ministry. Their letter, requesting permission to cover the trial, was returned last week unanswered, wrapped in black paper, inside an envelope addressed to Erik de Mauny, Moscow correspondent of the BBC, whose name appeared to be first on the list. Still, things are better in the Soviet Union. In the bad old Stalin days not only would the correspondents not have heard from the Foreign Ministry at all, they might not have been heard from at all, ever again.

■ Detentists and snow-lovers are in for a nasty shock. Intourist, the Soviet travel agency, suddenly canceled that much-advertised budget tour to Moscow and Leningrad this winter; so International Weekends, the American agency through which the tours were booked, showing equal unconcern for climate and ideology, is offering instead a trip to Greece. International Weekends was informed of the cancelation, for which Intourist declined to give a reason, on June 14, while Leonid Brezhnev was lunching with American journalists, but it was not made public till he was safely out of the country. Now International Weekends is stuck with 400,000 copies of a brochure (which had already been reprinted once because the first version unthinkingly made a reference to Leon Trotsky) with lovely color pictures of Czarist buildings, dancing bears, ballerinas, and snow. But no Uncle Leonid. What's going on? Perhaps an extra 1,400 meals per day would strain the Soviet agricultural economy. Perhaps Intourist will have to advertise, "Bring your own wheat."

■ Poor Linus Pauling. First his theory that Vitamin C could cure the common cold was shot down by the medical profession. Now the American Psychiatric Association says his "orthomolecular psychiatry," in which mental illness is treated with massive doses of vitamins, is pretty much worthless. Really, it's enough to make a fellow start traveling again.

Watergate as Softener

The joint communiqué issued June 25 at the end of the Brezhnev-Nixon discussions contains the following sentence: "[The U.S.A. and the USSR] attach great importance to the negotiations on the mutual reduction of forces and armaments and associated matters in Central Europe which will begin on October 30, 1973." The ordinary reader—if any ordinary reader ever reads such texts—would not have paused over that bland diplomatic prose, but the foreign-office experts of every Western nation scheduled to take part in the negotiations focused on it a most particular, and dismayed, regard. only, but a word that made all the difference: "bal-Something was missing in that sentence, a single word anced." In all previous references to the negotiations made or subscribed to by any Western nation, the subject matter was defined as "the mutual, *balanced* reduction of forces" ("MBFR," as the acronym was always written). And suddenly, in this official document signed by the head of the foremost Western power, "balanced" had vanished.

Every strategist knows the significance of this seeming quibble. The "balanced" was present to attest that the

Pet Hates

Churchill had de Gaulle;
  Montgomery had Ike.
It's difficult to operate
  With people you don't like.
Jiggs endured his wife,
  And so did FDR.
New York endured the Lindsays, and
  The Poles endured the czar.
Gangsters, when they're bored,
  Will always dump a moll.
Right now I'm sticking needles in
  A Lowell Weicker doll.

W. H. von Dreele

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negotiations would be based on the strategic realities of Central Europe in its relation to Russia and to Western Europe. Specifically: When Soviet troops and weapons withdraw from East Germany, Poland, or Czechoslovakia to positions inside the Russian boundary, they have only a short and easy distance to go, and have from their new positions a flat route before them opening to the West. When U.S. troops and weapons withdraw, they must retire four thousand miles, and in their new positions have all those miles and the Atlantic Ocean in front of them. The Western nations have therefore always, and naturally, insisted that a genuinely *mutual* force reduction in Central Europe could not mean a drawback of a numerically equal number of Eastern and Western troops and weapons, but an equivalent reduction in the effective balance of forces, taking into account the geographic facts. Moscow, though without having in the past built this into a point that might have blocked the possibility of the negotiation in advance, has steadily aimed at an agreement based on numerically equal reductions that would mean a shift of the actual strategic balance in Russia's favor.

This was perhaps the pivotal question of the entire negotiation, since the answer to it would become the primary axiom on the basis of which any specific schedules of reduction would be drawn up. On June 25 the delegates preparing for the October 30 meeting woke up to discover that the President of the United States had capitulated to the Soviet view before the formal conference had even started.

This rather intricate turn is not an isolated incident in the conduct of U.S. foreign and military policy during the past weeks. In that period, for further example, there have occurred: the acceptance by the President, who has always in the past rejected totally any such proposal, of the August 15 shutoff of bombing and all other military operations in Indochina; the mounting indications of early withdrawals of U.S. troops from Europe, no matter what happens at the various international conferences; the postponement of the Trident and other advanced weapons programs; the unprecedented refusal—because he was "so intimately associated with Vietnam policy"—of the Senate to confirm appointment of the ideally qualified career Foreign Service officer, G. McMurtrie Godley, as Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs; the persistent and feverish weakness of the dollar in relation to other currencies. Let us add for a symptomatic significance rather like that of a child's blurting of an embarrassing truth that adults politely refrain from mentioning, General Idi Amin's cabled wish for President Nixon's "speedy recovery from the Watergate affair."

Each of these incidents is a sign of spreading weakness in our government's conduct of foreign and military policy, and, insofar as they concern relations with the Soviet Union, of appeasement. ("Apertura a Sinistra?" below, documents parallel symptoms in domestic affairs.) Taken together, they map a trend, and there is no doubt that this trend, as Amin shrewdly suggested, is traceable in large part to Watergate.

In foreign and military matters, the Watergate affair is a staggering defeat for those, among whom we of *NR* are numbered, who may be called Hards: that is, we Americans who believe our country cannot be secure without a foundation of adequate military strength, and who remain convinced that, whatever the maneuvers of the moment, the Communist powers continue to be a deadly potential threat. Watergate is a smashing victory for the Softs—for Fulbright, Javits, Proxmire, Case, the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and the McGovern Left—and the Softs are riding high, wide, and handsome. Nixon as President has not been a consistent Hard, especially not in his handling of his detente moves and his concessions on strategic arms, but he has resisted the worst excesses of the Softs. Now, *because of the Watergate millstone*, he is no longer able to do so. They drive forward, and he gives way because Watergate has drained his political sinew, his moral authority, and his credibility. In fact—as the "balanced" incident shows—Nixon not only is forced to bow to Soft pressures from Congress and the media; he is driven to preventive appeasements, both domestic and foreign, in desperate effort to placate his pursuers and to serve up "accomplishments" that might divert public attention from the relentless Watergate glacier.

Every day that passes without a convincing accounting by the President makes the crushing weight of Watergate more paralyzing. The tapes we now know were made could probably clear up at least many of the contradictions in the testimony so far given, and answer some of the most disturbing questions about Mr. Nixon's role. It would be easy to devise a method of getting only the relevant data without invading either personal privacies or national security. A small committee, perhaps headed by the Chief Justice, in which Congress, the President, and the citizens would have full confidence, could exam-

"That's not true, sir. I never claimed I didn't try to conceal that I denied I hadn't lied about it."

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Massa Sam Drives 'em to the Dictionary

In our occasional spasms of sanctimonious, puritanical righteousness we demand categorically that all those in high public places must avoid even the appearance of conflict of interest. Like Caesar's wife, they will be put away if they are not above suspicion.

The budding statesman, especially if he is a lawyer, is supposed to have no loyal old friends who ask and do favors of any kind, no remote thought of later capitalizing public service, not even a gleam of humor about human frailty.

I recall reading about a dinner in New York for that great New England lawyer Joseph Hodges Choate at the Union League Club on Murray Hill at the turn of the century. The toastmaster was a famous wit who owned a hotel opposite the Grand Central Station, the immediate objective of Yankee statesmen bound for a fling with a local floozy. The toastmaster pictured Choate as the Joseph of the Bible. Choate rose and replied, "I am not the Joseph of the coat of many colors, nor yet the Joseph who was tempted by Potiphar's wife, but if I were that Joseph and had been so tempted I know at whose hotel we would have registered."

I also recall a novel by Elinor Glyn, a writer in the purple period around 1927, entitled *Three Weeks*. It was then considered positively devilish. In it a high Russian of the reigning blood spent a fortnight in dalliance with a famous actress. The quatrain which sold the book and made Mrs. Glyn a millionaire ran, if my memory serves me, something like this: "Did you ever sin/On a tiger skin/Or would you prefer to err/On some other fur?"

The fear is widely expressed that the disgraceful Watergate scandal will give us a bad image abroad. I doubt it. The older countries are much more sophisticated about lapses from the code. They are much more concerned about the floating yen, franc, pound, and buck, the balance of trade, and the prospects of international reciprocity and peace than over the search for seagreen incorruptibles.

The road back from Watergate to sanity and gradual improvement is rocky. We do, however, badly need some respected and enforceable rules governing conflicts of interest. Will denouncing the President as a boorish loner isolated by goons, and canceling his credentials, improve our image abroad? Richard Nixon has done more to break down the barriers between us and the shrouded nations of the East than anyone since Marco Polo. Will the cause of peace be advanced by replacing President Nixon and Mr. Kissinger with Senator Ervin?

The President has no doubt been the victim of his unfortunate remoteness from the press and public and the treachery and misguided loyalty of his staff. He has strange detractors. Witness that modern Xanthippe, Martha Mitchell. On the other hand, he has been lucky in some of his opponents. Bella Abzug of the umbrageous hats and uncouth screeching does her constituents and her cause no good.

As a nation we ordinarily admire action. The strict and holy constitutionalists seem to have forgotten that President Theodore Roosevelt boasted in his autobiography that he took Panama without consulting the Cabinet. By clear inference he also meant the Congress. You don't find this quoted in the *New York Times*.

I am inclined to view life generally as vaudeville at which I have long been fortunate enough to have had a front seat, but this Watergate show is getting tiresome. Senator Sam Ervin is a graduate of the University of North Carolina and of the Harvard Law School, both literate institutions. When Ole Sam gives with the Village Green hillbilly, corn pone and pot likker and tobacco juice routine of the vintage of Pitchfork Ben Tillman of South Carolina and Mississippi's Bilbo of the Bryan era, it gives me a large pain in the midriff. Ole Sam can speak English even if his Biblical and Shakespearean quotations are a bit ragged. Add some nasty smarty-pants commentators, assorted critics and pontificators and rising young attorneys licking their chops and you have a very confused public.

One of our big troubles is that we have been spawning critics instead of writers, talkers instead of doers, environmentalists instead of conservationists. One of my ribald, slightly vulgar chums who speaks in the vernacular and who observes the rage of reformers with a frosty eye recently described a particularly virulent environmentalist as a retired busybody who, if nothing more exciting turned up, would join a bowel movement.

Since Watergate sophomoric scribblers and cocktail chatterboxes without the slightest acquaintance with parliamentary government are advocating that we adopt the British system, which causes a government to fall on a motion of loss of confidence in the Commons.

Woodrow Wilson, our brainiest President since Jefferson, in his college days was convinced that we must adopt the British model. When Cleveland became President, Wilson began to believe the Presidency might be restored to a position of dignity and leadership without amending the Constitution. When he himself became President, he concluded that a President "is at liberty both in law and conscience, to be as big a man as he can. His office is anything he has the sagacity and force to make it."

Let's have an unwritten Constitution, say the smarties. Let's substitute impeachment for a vote of loss of confidence. If we have in fact lost confidence in tripartite government, maybe we should forget the Bicentennial and wait for the cinquecento, the five-hundreth anniversary of Columbus' landing. —ROBERT MOSES

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ine the tapes in question, and extract only what bears on the inquiry. The President's instant refusal to permit access to the tapes or questions concerning them makes the outlook bleaker than ever.

End of the Cambodia Chapter

It is possible that the President will ask Congress to extend the deadline for the Cambodia bombing halt beyond August 15, but if so his request will be for the record only, seeking to fix on congressional shoulders responsibility for the debacle that is probably coming in Cambodia. Last month Congress was at the verge of a two-thirds veto-reversing majority for an immediate bombing halt, when the President suddenly agreed to the August compromise. Now only a simple majority is needed to block an extension. The Watergate fallout (see above), combined with the general longing to close the Vietnam book, makes the majority a foregone conclusion. The start of the B-52 pullout on July 16 proves that the Administration recognizes the congressional reality.

In fact, further bombing could have no strategic military purpose once the August 15 cutoff was decided. If the enemy knows when you are going to quit, he can just sit around until then. The President's objective in continuing the bombing can only be political: to hold off the Khmer Rouge-North Vietnamese forces long enough to patch up a deal with Moscow, Peking, Hanoi, and Prince Sihanouk that would install and support some sort of coalition government in Pnompenh or, alternatively, arrange a de facto Korean-style division of the country. With Laos and South Vietnam quiescent for the moment, a Cambodian deal, even if for the briefest of interludes, would permit the Administration to write the ardently wished-for finis, and to announce that from now on it's up to the locals, with our blessing but no longer our arms.

The prognosis, a doctor of strategy would have to say, is not favorable. Sihanouk has declared that he won't talk to Henry Kissinger and that he intends to hang Lon Nol and his colleagues rather than join them. Lon Nol has declined Mr. Nixon's invitation to come to the U.S. for medical treatment, on the plausible ground that this is a ploy to get him off the scene so that a deal cutting him out can be wangled in his absence. The Communists seem to be holding up remarkably well under the gigantic pounding. Even without taking Pnompenh, they will, when the bombing stops, have a secure hold on a major part of Cambodia that is at the same time a crucial strategic supplement to their position in South Vietnam. The President may be getting sweet talk from Moscow and Peking, but from their point of view a U.S. embarrassment in Cambodia only softens Washington up still further for their efforts to get the most for the least out of the detente harvest.

A fascinating footnote for the Cambodian volume: The secret but massive U.S. bombings of Cambodia in 1969/70, last week officially admitted, were undertaken at the urgent request of Prince Sihanouk.

Apertura a Sinistra?

White House confusion post-Watergate may rule out for the time being any coherent Administration approach to domestic matters. Nevertheless, certain signs exist that point to a leftward lurch, either through design or through panic-inspired tropism. Alert conservatives in Washington point to the following:

1. The incredible statement by Melvin Laird, cur-

The Freeze

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It is time for the annual mid-summer Senate tussle over military spending. This time around, critical votes on two controversial weapons systems will provide an index of just how badly the President's influence has slipped. The Air Force says the costs of three prototypes of the B-1 bomber has risen $80 million to $2.7 billion and a final decision about production of the aircraft will have to be postponed nine months, until May 1976. Sen. Thomas McIntyre (D., N.H.), Chairman of the Armed Services Subcommittee on Research and Development, says, "This may be the straw that broke the camel's back." He notes that even now the cost of each B-1 will be $50 million, and says he will ask the full Armed Services Committee to reconsider the decision to approve $473 million this year for B-1 development.

The McIntyre subcommittee also is opposing the President's request for accelerated development of the huge Trident missile-firing submarine. The subcommittee slashed $885.4 million from the President's $1.5 billion request for the Trident program. Last year the subcommittee voted to slow Trident development, but was overruled by a one-vote margin in the full committee. McIntyre believes he has the votes this year to sustain his position. The Administration argues that accelerated Trident development is necessary to convince the Soviet Union that detente does not mean we are letting our guard down. Those who oppose accelerated development argue that detente makes it unnecessary for us to keep our guard so high.

■ News bulletin: Republican National Chairman George Bush says Watergate has hurt GOP fund-raising efforts. He says the GOP will fall far short of its goal of $6.5 million in 1973, chiefly because big contributors are holding back. Of current contributions, 90 per cent are of $100 or less. Bush wants the National Committee to get the lion's share of the $4.8 million still in the till at the Committee for the Re-Election of the President (CRP). But there are some problems. A number of corporations that made illegal contributions (all corporate contributions are illegal) may want to follow the lead of American Airlines. American is indicating remorse by demanding that its contribution be returned. State parties would also like a slice of the CRP pie. Typical is the complaint of Barnett Webster Jr., a Republican county chairman in Iowa, who says "not one dime" of the $450,000 raised in Iowa was shared with the state party.

■ WATERGATE BRIEFS: Rep. Peter Rodino (D., N.J.), Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, is pushing legislation that would make it impossible for anyone who served as a presidential campaign manager to become Attorney General until two years after the campaign. John Mitchell managed President Nixon's campaign in 1968. Robert Kennedy managed John Kennedy's campaign in 1960. . . . W. Clement Stone, who made umpteen zillion dollars in the insurance business, says he has given $7 million to Republican causes in the past five years. This fact has caused reformers to demand that something be done, but the reformers can not point to anything Stone has asked for, or received, in the way of government favors as a result of his largesse. . . . The Senate already has approved President Nixon's proposal for a non-partisan commission to study federal election laws and mores. In so doing the Senate has given indirect and perhaps unwitting support to the President's notion that the moral of the Watergate fiasco is that the laws are not tough enough. It is believed that the President first proposed the commission in order to suggest that the misdeeds of his re-election officials were somehow evidence that the laws are faulty. Opponents of the commission argue that the problem is not inadequate laws but inadequate enforcement: There already are laws against most of the things the Nixon people did. . . . The Washington State Bar Association has begun an investigation that could lead to the disbarment of John Ehrlichman and his former aide Egil Krogh. —CATO

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rently Number Two man in the White House, that serious consideration is being given to resuscitating the late unlamented Family Assistance Plan. Laird said he had requested that Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the designer of FAP and now ambassador to India, draw up memos looking toward a resubmission of the plan to Congress. FAP is unpopular among Republicans, anathema to the constituency that voted for Nixon in 1972; and since it is immensely expensive, it could only fuel inflation through increased federal deficits.

2. The social-worker rhetoric of recent statements by Attorney General Elliot Richardson, which gave Republicans the weird feeling that Ramsey Clark was back at the Justice Department. Richardson said that the new emphasis there would be on dealing with the "social problems of criminal justice, with crime prevention and rehabilitation, with representation of the consumer, with enforcement of antipollution and antimonopoly laws."

3. A series of presidential cave-ins on federal spending. It has been widely noted, for example, that the President has signed into law several spending bills that, as John Ehrlichman remarked, he almost certainly would have vetoed before the Watergate dam broke. What this means, concretely, is that the Administration is attempting to mollify its enemies by spending the tax dollars of its middle-American supporters.

4. The rumors, perhaps inspired, that Secretary of State William Rogers would be Nixon's next appointee to the Supreme Court. Rogers is an urbane, able individual who has served the Administration well. He has been close to Nixon through thick and thin. But he is elderly, he has his roots in the Eastern liberal Republican establishment, and no one knows where he stands on the key issues of the 1970s: busing, abortion, pornography, school financing, etc. The Rogers ploy, obviously, was another sop to Administration foes. Go easy on Nixon, was the message, and you won't get another Rehnquist.

Whether the product of conscious design or panicked reflex, this pattern, if persisted in, would certainly represent a disastrous tactic for the White House. Just because some high Administration officials are in trouble over Watergate, it does not follow that Nixon's constituency has changed its mind on FAP, higher taxes, welfarism, busing, and all the other issues litigated in the election of 1972. They did not vote for Nixon be-

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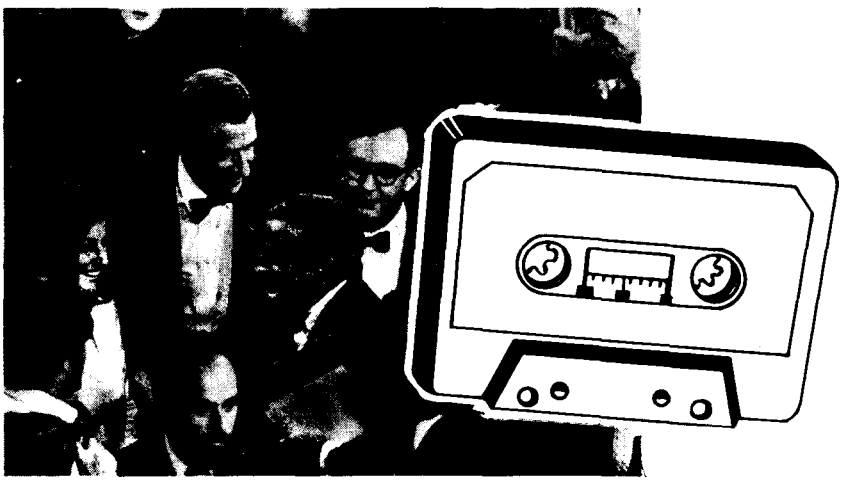

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cause he is a charismatic speaker or because they thought he would lead them to eudaemonia. Nixon was elected on the issues, and if he forgets that he will be lost indeed.

Teddy: Off and Swimming?

Not surprisingly, Senator Edward Kennedy's July 4 visit to Decatur, Alabama to appear on a platform honoring Governor George Wallace has been viewed as an effort to begin putting back together the old New Deal coalition. In a nutshell: To win in a national election, a Democrat needs plenty of Southern and blue-collar votes in addition to the votes of those who stuck it out with George McGovern.

This reconstruction may prove exceedingly difficult. During the 1960s, the liberal elite, concentrated on the two coasts and often highly distinctive in attitude and lifestyle, greatly expanded its role in the Democratic Party. It also consolidated its control over key American institutions: the academy, the media, much of the bureaucracy. It will take more than Teddy's charisma, think many political pros, to make this liberal elite share its power with erstwhile Wallace men, or with George Meany-type blue-collar champions.

And if Teddy needs the Wallace voters, he also needs the black vote, the capturing of which, as a bloc, has been the sine qua non of Democratic electoral strategy in recent years. It will take more than the generalized idealism refracted through Richard Goodwin's Decatur prose to put those elements together. The time will come when Goodwin and Teddy will have to face the issues. For example, to bus or not to bus? Then the prose will begin to heave and yaw.

Current polls may not mean much, but they do contain some matter for reflection. Among Democrats, Gallup shows Kennedy way ahead, at 40 per cent, with Wallace second but back at 16 per cent, and all the others—Muskie, Humphrey, Mondale, Shriver, Jackson —virtually out of sight. Conclusion: These others are simply not viewed as plausible candidates. Kennedy is.

In early trial heats, Kennedy edges Agnew, Reagan, Rockefeller, and Connally by margins of 5 to 10 per cent. Agnew trails by 8 per cent—not considered a bad showing at all for an incumbent Veep in this season of discontent. One surprise: Senator Charles Percy is the only Republican to outscore Kennedy, 46 to 44 per cent. Observation: Percy, undoubtedly benefiting from his early and loud condemnation of Watergate, also shows some interesting Teddy vulnerabilities. He swamps Teddy among the college-educated, 60 to 32, and he also wins the women's vote, 47 to 42. Message: The better-educated can't swallow Chappaquiddick, and the women remember Mary Jo.

Caution: Most or all of these figures will shift as Watergate fades or glows.

Don't Do It, George

If Teddy wins (and Gallup's straws
Suggest he's sure as menopause);
And if the secondary spot
Should go to Mr. Wallace, what
Could stop this duo from a win?
Not Teddy's Chappaquiddick sin.
If importuned, don't do it, George.
I'd strangulate upon my gorge.

W. H. von Dreele

Voting Made Simple

Short of permitting voting by telephone, it is hard to think of a measure more debasing to democratic procedures than a bill lately passed (thanks to a cloture vote) by the Senate, which would permit voter registration by postcard. The idea of course is to make it as easy as possible to vote, and the bill's passage was the special project of liberal Democrats (and a few Republicans) and the AFL-CIO, in whose interest it plainly is to have available those citizens (or more precisely, those blocs of citizens) whose natural inertia would make them politically manipulable. It is bad to give more power to liberals and big labor; but the bill would have other ill effects too.

It would, for one thing, further undermine the constitutional balance between the states and the Federal Government. The states' primary responsibility for establishing voter qualifications, as prescribed in Article I, Section 4 of the Constitution, would be practically abolished, Congress exercising the prerogative which Hamilton, in Federalist 59, says should be reserved for "the last resort," as "the means of its own [i.e., the Union's] preservation." The states and localities could of course maintain separate registration rolls, but only at considerable expense and inconvenience—and needless to say, it has never worked that way.

Moreover, postcard registration would make fraud easy, and detection hard. Honest election officials would have to go out of their way to verify the names, addresses, and even existence of prospective voters, who would never have to present themselves for registration, while dishonest officials would find systematic forgery less difficult than ever. "If this bill is passed without some stringent amendments," says Senator Ervin, "there is going to be a general resurrection of the dead on every election day."

Perhaps worst of all, this system would simply cheapen the idea of citizenship. Even the slight exertion presently required of the voter serves to discourage those whose sense of civic duty is vestigial. No man should

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be required to endure great risk or cost in order to fulfill the ordinary duties of citizenship; but it is healthy that those duties should impose the occasional necessity of visiting the county clerk and the polling place. To the extent that voting is made automatic, it will be despised and perhaps abused. And to the extent that it requires at least some effort of the voter, it will command respect for the system it supports.

Who Murdered Marilyn?

He had a mind so fine that no idea could violate it: T. S. Eliot, speaking of Henry James. Eliot had in mind James's regard for fact, both concrete and psychological, his regard, that is, for the actuality of the world. And Eliot thought it characteristic of the highest intelligence, of a mind "so fine," that its relationship to actuality could, indeed, not be "violated."

On the current scene, however, such violation has become virtually a way of life. In its last issue, *NR* took editorial note of the revelation that prominent revisionist historians have been engaged in wholesale evidence-faking. A movie is now being released which presents the assassination of John F. Kennedy as the work of right-wing generals and oil men. The Rosenbergs have been the beneficiaries of fictional rehabilitation.

There now comes before us Norman Mailer's new book on Marilyn Monroe, which climbs aboard the pseudo-history bandwagon. In essence, it is a hybrid. Sociologically viewed, it is something of a period-piece. During the 1950s, New York intellectuals were busily consuming popular culture, writing essays on baseball or on Gregory Peck. As one wag put it, the glint of spectacles behind third base constituted a menace to the vision of the infielders. *Partisan Review* ran symposia on patriotic themes, etc.

Roughly speaking, this whole process reflected an impulse on the part of these intellectuals to assimilate the broader American culture. In a brief hiatus between the Stalinism, Trotskyism, Reicheanism, and whatnot of 1930-1948, and the New Leftism of the 1960s, the intellectuals were seeking some psychological accommodation with America, not yet spelled Amerika, and were going to the movies, not yet called films.

Mailer's *Marilyn* is rooted there, in that hiatus, *except for its politics*, which comes straight from the 1960s' vat. According to Mailer, Marilyn Monroe did not commit suicide. He makes his case indirectly and suppositiously, using subjunctives and rhetorical questions, but his point emerges clearly enough: Marilyn Monroe was murdered by—surprise!—right-wingers, and they killed her as a way of getting at Robert Kennedy. "By the end, political stakes were riding on her life, and even more on her death. If she could be murdered in such a way as to appear a suicide in despair at the turn of her love [for Robert Kennedy], what a point of pressure could be maintained afterward against the Kennedys." And: "there was much motive for the right wing of the FBI or the CIA to implicate Bobby Kennedy in a scandal."

Evidence? Mailer gives the game away with a tell-tale lie, buried in the matrix of his suppositions: "There seems next to nothing of such evidence. . . ." Next to nothing? No. *Nothing*. Nothing whatever.

Still, having spun out this theory, Mailer goes to work with it and metastasizes it. Marilyn Monroe's murder was *repeated* again and again during the 1960s: "Why not assume even more and see her death as the seed of assassinations to follow."

There you have it. Just as rightists killed Marilyn Monroe, they also killed John and Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X, and tried to kill George Wallace. We might as well confess and turn ourselves in.

That, then, is the fictitious Manichean world of Norman Mailer, who has a mind so set that not a fact can violate it.

The photographs are great.

Notes & Asides

■ MEMO TO: The Editors
FROM: Bill Rusher

You will recall that at lunch, WFB told me that the correct version was "And makes us rather bear those ills we have/ Than fly to others we know not of."

Attached hereto is a photostatic copy of page 81 of "The Yale Shakespeare" edition of *Hamlet*. I call your attention to line 82 of the Shakespearean text, and to the fifth word on that line.

Of course, people who gild lilies can hardly be expected to boggle at omitting "that's." I do, however, encourage those of you who are hereafter gently put down by our Editor to make your own independent investigation. Besides, strictly in terms of the rhythm, I prefer Shakespeare's line to Buckley's.

MEMO TO: Bill Rusher
FROM: WFB

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus, ass.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You've finally done it. You've succeeded in baffling me. As long as I've admired you, reading most of your books, reading NATIONAL REVIEW, watching *Firing Line* and collecting Buckley jokes, I've understood how you reason. Whether I agreed with you or not on a particular issue I could appreciate the preciseness of your logic and I made a point of defending you against charges that your arguments were so oblique at times as to be essen-

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tially worthless (one often hears that kind of criticism in the high school and college womb).

In the June 22 issue of *NR* you made the observation I couldn't fathom. Quoth Buckley, "Not frequently innocent faith is exactly on the mark, and I for one (for example) believe that the position of William Jennings Bryan, during the Scopes trial, rated by history as the innocent fundamentalist of the occasion, was much closer to the truth than that of the sophisticated Clarence Darrow, rated by history as the modernist."

Please explain how ignorance can have more value than the search for knowledge, how belief in fundamentalist fairy tales is preferable to learning science and history. I can't for the life of me figure out what you meant.

Brad Linaweaver
Florida State University
Tallahassee, Fla.

Dear Mr. Linaweaver: I mean a) someone can take the right position irrespective of whether he happened to make the right arguments; and b) I think Bryan won the debate. See the chapter on the subject in *The Ethics of Rhetoric,* by Richard Weaver, Henry Regnery, Chicago, 1955. —WFB

■ Mr. Charles Lam Markmann
279 West Twelfth Street
New York City
Dear Charles:

That was an impressive collection of Buckley prides and prejudices [*The Buckleys—A Family Examined*]. The old *élan vital* came through clearly and I learned a little more about the elements that so often make their views dogmatic and one-dimensional.

I do, however, want to register an objection to a reference to my views on page 140. You say, "Like Emerson . . . Yoakum regards the Buckleys' propaganda for their version of freedom as essentially a call for Fascism; and, again like Emerson, he challenges the chicaneries to which they are ready to descend in debate whether formal or informal, as well as the club of the threat to sue for libel."

The last portion of that sentence does reflect my views and I consider my sixty-inch letter to the *Lakeville Journal* a definitive condensed work on the subject. But I do not believe that Buckley propaganda is essentially a call for Fascism and have *never* said so. (I've just reviewed the transcript of our talk and the word Fascism doesn't even enter it.)

They *are* authoritarian. They are quite willing to push for laws that tell me what books I can read and what films I can see—laws that result in greater state supervision of my private life, including, of all things, my sex habits.

My heroes are Jefferson, Madison, the Adamses, Paine, and Franklin, so of course I am suspicious of all those who are so sure they are right that they are willing to restrict the freedoms of others.

These anti-freedom absolutists exist at both political extremes. As I have said for years, once my freedoms are gone—once Big Brother can tap my phone, bug my room, sabotage my political party, tell me what I may read or view—it doesn't matter to me whether those freedoms were lost to the Far Right or the Far Left.

The Buckleys are at least aware of the problem, and they occasionally modify their absolutism in ways that upset the way-out right. Now and then, as a matter of fact, they actually do or say something that does increase individual liberties. Best, Robert Yoakum

cc: John W. Buckley
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

John W. Buckley
Lakeville, Connecticut
Dear John:

I have here a copy of a letter from your neighbor Robert H. Yoakum, addressed to Charles Lam Markmann, documenting yet another inaccuracy in Markmann's illiterate intrusion into our affairs.

I have never met Mr. Yoakum, and know of him only as a local pundit of copious biases whom you find it necessary from time to time publicly to instruct.

John, it seems to me indicated by Yoakum's general approach to public issues that he is entirely misguided. Accordingly, I wish you would undertake an investigation of his reading habits. Specifically, what books and magazines does he read? Whose lectures does he attend? I think we ought to draw up a curriculum designed for his improvement. We should begin by advising the local librarian not to make available to him those titles that would only add to his confusion.

On the matter of Yoakum's sex habits, you and I have of course spoken. I think it would be wise, in your instructions to the State Police, to specify Remedy S-130. Needless to say, we should follow our usual discretion in the matter.

John, I want you to know that my heroes are Savonarola, Mitchell Palmer, Joe McCarthy, and John Ashbrook. If any one of these gentlemen ever wanted to tap my phone, I'd be there to help them splice the wire. My only regret is that I have only one telephone to give to my country.

Let me know when you are done with Yoakum. There are others. It is important for us to maximize our incumbency. As ever, affectionately, Bill

■ Der Bill:

Mein Deutsch ist unter den linden mit schloppen und spitz. Anschlussen mit Brezhnev make der throw up Zuyder Zee in bucket. Der *London Observer* mit der yuk up sleeve uber der Watergatewitnessingen Fahrenheit under der collar. Nixongen strudlen der apple like Wunderbar und ist Gotterdammerung Liar. Gezhundheit!

John Kreuttner

—WFB

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Anchovies

ALTHOUGH the Senate hearings are just shifting into high gear it seems increasingly likely that the lowly and elusive anchovy and a lot of other things unrelated to one another or Watergate may decide the strength and perhaps the longevity of the Nixon Administration.

It seems likely that the hearings will produce an ugly stand-off, with lots of additional testimony damaging to Mr. Nixon's reputation for candor and competence, but with no iron-clad confirmation of the worst charges against him. This is not to say the hearings cannot produce a ruinous bombshell. Imagine this one.

John Dean testified that Egil Krogh, former aide to John Ehrlichman, told him that authorization for him to organize the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office came from the "Oval Office." Those who know Krogh say he is a devoutly religious man, conscience-stricken about his involvement in what have come to be known quasi-officially as "the White House horrors." He will not perjure himself before the Senate committee; he will make a credible witness. If he testifies under oath that Mr. Nixon authorized the Ellsberg burglary, there will be three devastating consequences.

First, Mr. Nixon will stand accused by a credible witness of ordering and subsequently covering up a felony.

Second, John Mitchell's testimony, which was designed to protect Mr. Nixon, will become a lethal torpedo circling back toward the White House. Mitchell said he believed that if Mr. Nixon had known of White House involvement in Watergate he would publicly have lowered the boom, thereby unwittingly uncovering all the horrors he allegedly knew nothing about, and endangering his re-election. But if Mr. Nixon ordered Krogh to organize the Ellsberg burglary, then Mr. Nixon knew about it and (probably) other felonies from the start. It will become harder, then, to doubt that he knew about the Watergate cover-up that Mitchell says was organized to spare Mr. Nixon the consequence of his (Mr. Nixon's) reckless indignation about other White House felonies.

Third, if Krogh testifies that Mr. Nixon knew about Ellsberg, he will completely sink the testimony of presidential counselor Richard Moore, who refuted some important parts of Dean's testimony, and who, more importantly, being a man of obvious and well-known rectitude and good will, was a sympathetic figure when testifying that, in his sober judgment, Mr. Nixon (as Mr. Nixon said in his April 30 speech) did not learn about the Watergate cover-up until March 21. Moore's testimony was and will remain crucial to the White House. It was the statement of the only significant person who, lacking personal involvement in Watergate, and lacking malice against any of the principals, says he believes Mr. Nixon's version of what Mr. Nixon knew, and when. But if Krogh testifies that Mr. Nixon knew about the Ellsberg burglary from the start, then Moore's testimony will be discounted because Moore testified that Mr. Nixon said—and Moore believed him—that he did not learn about the Ellsberg burglary until late April of this year. If Mr. Nixon knew, then Moore's conclusions about Mr. Nixon's lack of personal involvement are shown to have been dead wrong in one crucial particular, and all Moore's sympathetic judgments become suspect. In that case, Moore will not have been shown to have lied;not at all. But he will have been proven mistaken about the judgments he honorably and forthrightly gave the Committee.

This example of what some Krogh testimony could do serves to illustrate how fragile Mr. Nixon's defense is, it being understood that fragility is not necessarily evidence of untruthfulness. But it should be emphasized that if there is no such devastating testimony, the hearings probably will drone on to a legally, morally, and politically inconclusive diminuendo in the late winter [see "On the Right"]. By that time the steady, corrosive drip of seven months or so of testimony will have had an effect that is as yet hard to predict.

The White House clearly is counting on tolerance born of boredom in the loyal provinces to counteract hostility bred of attentiveness by the undetermined number of Americans who have the time, energy, and inclination to follow the complicated testimony. But another possibility is that the annoying background drone of the Watergate investigation will aggravate a volatile unhappiness that other causes are producing even in the loyal provinces. Which brings us to the matter of anchovies.

The economy, and especially inflation, and most particularly the price of food, and most critically the price of meat, is the bread-and-butter issue which determines what the nonpolitical majority of Americans think of the Administration in power, whether Republican or Democratic.

IN 1972, while Mr. Nixon's men were acting oddly, so was the Humboldt Current off South America. A shift in the current reduced the supply of anchovies, a crucial component of high-protein livestock feed. Too much snow in the Orient; too little rain in the wheat-growing areas of Russia and Australia; pollution in the fishing waters around Japan; too much American grain sold to the Soviet Union; a $12-billion spurt in the disposable income of those Americans (e.g., the elderly) most apt to use new income to supplement the protein content of their diets —all these factors contributed to intense worldwide pressure on the protein supply, and a rise in meat prices. This rise led to pressure for price controls. Now controls are causing decreases in production. Eventually—not long from new—there will be meat shortages, or steep price rises, or, as seems most likely, both.

Recently television viewers saw fifty thousand baby chicks drowned by Texas poultrymen who cannot afford to raise chicks on feed that costs more than Phase Three and a Half will allow them to get for their chickens. When food shortages come on top of Watergate, there will be little tolerance in the provinces for an Administration blamed for both. □

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Again: The Atrocity Tactic

ALTHOUGH its circulation is relatively modest, the London *Times* is the most influential paper in Britain and, many would say, the world. On July 9 the featured front-page story (top, righthand column) carried the byline of Father Adrian Hastings, and was headed: "Portuguese massacre reported by priests." (Headlines in the *Times* are complete sentences, with only the first letter of the first word capitalized.)

Father Hastings—a Catholic priest at the College of the Ascension in Birmingham—writes that "the Portuguese forces [in Mozambique] have grown ever more brutal, carrying out the systematic genocidal massacre of people in villages thought to have helped Frelimo." (Frelimo is the Mozambique "liberation front.") The report continues: "There was a whole series of massacres in the Mucumbura area between May and November, 1971, for ghastliness each rivaling that of My Lai in Vietnam. . . . Since . . . early in 1972 many further massacres have taken place, the latest of which we know being that of several hundred people at the village of Wiriyamu. . . . Hitherto no news of it has reached the rest of the world."

To supply that lack, the bulk of the lengthy article is devoted to "the full account of the Wiriyamu massacre." After helicopter bombardment, "the soldiers started ransacking the huts, and this was followed by the massacre of the people." First, a large number, 86 of whom are listed by name, sex, and age, were arranged in two facing lines and shot one by one, inclusive of babies at their mothers' breasts. Then some children were killed by kicking their heads in ("a macabre football match"). "Other soldiers, wandering about, forced people into their huts, which they then set alight and the people were burned to death inside them. Sometimes, before setting fire to the huts, they threw hand grenades inside." (Thirty-five are listed by name as victims of this procedure.) A climactically gruesome account is given of the disemboweling of a pregnant woman, Zostima, to show her the sex of the fetus. " 'Look, now you know.' Afterwards the woman and child were consumed in the flames. . . . Many people were taken outside the village and killed. . . . The bodies were totally mutilated."

The Ball Starts Rolling

An editorial in the same issue of the *Times* finds "that the specific nature of the details . . . permit little doubt of the substantial accuracy of the report. . . . It is easy to see the force of Father Hastings' view that the details of the slaughter at Wiriyamu given by the missionaries rival in horror both the shootings at Sharpeville [which, as it happens, Father Hastings did not mention] and the My Lai scandal of 1968."

During the week following July 10, this Wiriyamu story spread through the global media.

It is logically possible, and even conceivable, that this report is true. Dreadful things happen in Africa. Frelimo, in the customary manner of modern liberation movements, conducts terror operations in Mozambique villages. The Portuguese probably also use terror, at least in some measure, as reprisal for village assistance to Frelimo or "to set an example." But though all things are possible, and proof of a "negative fact" is often a difficult undertaking, I am not yet quite ready, without corroborative evidence, to accept this Wiriyamu account as definitive.

1. Father Hastings is well known in Britain for his active support of the anti-Portuguese cause. Though this does not in itself disqualify him as a witness, it suggests a cautious attitude when judging his testimony.

2. But of course Father Hastings was not a witness to the Wiriyamu or any other massacre. On a July 11 BBC interview he admitted, in fact, that he had himself written only the first paragraph of the *Times* article published under his byline. His account is at several levels removed from direct observation. It comes, he says, from Spanish priests who got it from "missionaries in the area." They are not named, nor is it made clear by what intervening stages their reports reached Father Hastings. But these unnamed missionaries, also, were not firsthand observers. We must presume (though this is not explained) that *their* information came from "some victims [who] managed to escape death by flight."

3. These escapees must have been very few, to judge by the thoroughness of the massacre as detailed by the article. (Oddly enough, the article states in one paragraph that "there were no survivors.") For illiterate African bush-villagers, they must be remarkably acute and remarkably calm observers. They were able to supply the name, age, sex of a couple of hundred of the slain, to describe many of the killings in precise detail, and even to quote the exact words of several of the assassins.

4. The report states that the Portuguese have for a number of years been carrying out "systematic genocidal massacre." It is hard to comprehend how a *genocidal* massacre would be entrusted to an army 40 per cent of whose soldiers are native blacks. It is rather as if Hitler had manned the death camps with 40 per cent Jewish personnel. Actually the killers are identified only as "soldiers," without explicit reference to their color or even their allegiance.

A Matter of Timing

5. Then there is the matter of timing. Father Hastings' massacre took place December 16, 1972, seven months ago. Granted that news of it would not have appeared the next day in the world press, Mozambique is not all *that* closed; you would suppose word might have leaked out a little sooner.

6. Still, looked at from another perspective, the timing does seem to make sense. This month Portugal and Britain are celebrating the six-hundredth anniversary of their alliance, the world's oldest. Frelimo, the opposition within Portugal, and the Left of the world have made no secret of their determination to spoil the celebration. Its plans include the presence of a British delegation led by the Duke of Edinburgh at

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A NEW LOOK AT WELFARE

Paying People Not To Work

GORDON TULLOCK

MODERN EXPLANATIONS of massive unemployment, particularly that unstable form of unemployment which used to be referred to as cyclical, have largely depended upon the assumption that labor wages are sticky.

Recently, Professor Armen Alchian of UCLA proposed a not unreasonable explanation for the apparent stickiness of wages. Alchian argues that it takes time for people to discover through the costly process of searching for a job, that the market price of their services has declined generally—not just at one specific firm or locale. During a continual price deflation, as occurred in the early 1930s, the worker eventually realizes that the wage offer he refused a few months ago was the best opportunity available. But when the worker returns to that employer he finds the offer has fallen, and the search process begins anew. This explanation—the "Alchian effect"—seems undeniably correct as far as it goes; but the phenomenon would appear to be too weak to explain such things as the Great Depression. That is, small fluctuations in unemployment could easily be explained by the Alchian effect, but massive and persistent unemployment, I think, cannot. Further, even for the small fluctuations in unemployment, we might prefer to have additional explanations. It is the point of this article to suggest an alternative explanation.

Circumstances usually require exchanging a certain amount of work for a certain income (this trade-off between work and income can be illustrated by a standard "indifference curve" diagram). In most modern countries, however, there is an alternative. In general, some type of charity —private or government—is available for the person who is not working.

It is fairly obvious that the level of the charitable payment would affect the number of people who are working. As the real value of welfare, charity, and unemployment benefits rises, more and more people can be expected to find the combination of such benefits and leisure more attractive than the best available combination of income and work. Needless to say, different individuals have different preferences with respect to work and leisure; hence, one would expect that, with a given basic wage rate, various levels of the dole would end up putting different people on welfare. It could be fairly unambiguously predicted that raising the rate of dole would increase unemployment.

This, of course, is the lesson of the work that has already been done showing correlation between relief payments and unemployment, and correlation between unemployment insurance and unemployment. But a good deal of cyclical and historical unemployment can be explained in the same manner. (In the 1840s Tocqueville explained the existence of unemployment in England—while it was no problem in France, Spain, and Portugal—by the fact that relief existed only in England.)

Suppose, for example, that a change occurs in the value of a currency. For simplicity, let us assume the currency increases in value very sharply, as it did between 1929 and 1933. Under these circumstances, nominal wages fall, although real wages may not because each dollar buys more goods. Under these circumstances, the rise in value of the money would amount to an increase in the real value of the dole. With the dole at a higher level, a certain number of people would choose to be unemployed because that was the best alternative available to them. Similarly, an inflation lowering the value of the money would lower the value of the dole in real terms; hence, more people would move off the dole and into work. It would appear that those very conservative bankers who insisted, in 1931, that England's government must lower the dole may have been correct after all.

This hypothesis implies that there is a high correlation between unemployment and the percentage of average wages currently being paid to those who are unemployed. In practice, the hypothesis might be quite difficult to test because data on average wages may not be very accurate in cyclical changes. It may be that various minor changes in work rules and conditions of work are resorted to by management *before* they change the nominal wage rates; hence, changes in real wages are not entirely reflected in the data. It is also likely that low-income workers will move to the dole first. This would affect the average wage for the rest. Even more important, in most countries the unemployment compensation schemes are quite complex and different people obtain different amounts, depending on relatively arbitrary criteria.

CONSIDER the recent history of England: Before 1911, there was substantially no government unemployment relief, and unemployment insurance was offered by labor unions. Under these circumstances, the labor unions were compelled to cut their wages in times of contraction, and unemployment was seldom protracted or severe. Then the government took over unemployment insurance and apparently set the rate too high. As a result, throughout the 1930s—in other respects a quite prosperous period for England—there was considerable, persistent unemployment.

After World War II, as a result of a combination of inflation and rising living standards, the rate paid the unemployed was low enough that virtually no one was interested in living on the dole. Under the circumstances, there was practically no unemployment in England from 1945 to 1966. This in spite of the fact that the English economy was an almost classic example of a series of very short, macro-induced inflations and deflations, the stop-and-go economy of the 1950s. In 1966, England introduced a reformed unemployment compensation scheme that provided a great deal more income to the average unemployed worker. Since that time, England has had a substantial number of unemployed. Once again, there are macroeconomic explanations for the unemployment; but I think taking the entire period from 1900 to

(Continues on page 854)

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The trend, which is toward coeducation at all levels from nursery school to college, is bad, says the author, and explains its adverse effects on adolescents, particularly male adolescents

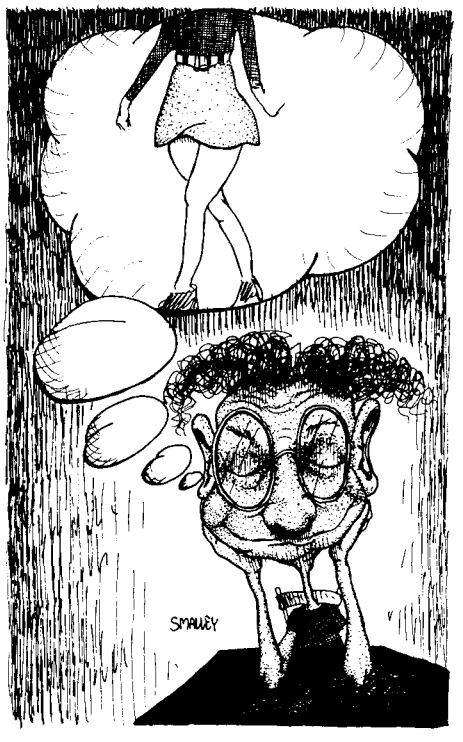
On Rediscovering the Difference

GEORGE GILDER

UNTIL recent years most American parochial schools have maintained strict sexual segregation. The boys and girls joined chiefly on ceremonial occasions, assemblies and graduations. Even the playground was divided into male and female territories. The one occasion when the regimen broke down was the carefully supervised dances, where young couples made their way chastely around the floor of the gym under the watchful eyes of nuns. Any unseemly body contact brought a swift reprimand: "Leave six inches for the Holy Ghost."

There is no room for the Holy Ghost any longer at most of our schools. The bodies and minds rub together from the earliest years on through to graduate study. The result is perfectly predictable. Sexual activity occurs at an increasingly younger age. In communities where the family cannot impose discipline, illegitimate children are common. Classrooms become an intensely sexual arena, where girls and boys perform for the attention of the other sex, and where unintellectual males quickly come to view school books as a menace to manhood.

This happens, moreover, at a time when education is becoming increasingly important, and the distractions of early sex are increasingly subversive to one's future. A society that enforces an ever longer period of objective latency, before full participation is allowed, at the same time refuses to grant its children the "latency period" of sexual separation provided in societies where marriage comes at age 14. Little boys and girls, often forced to write before their hands can manage a pencil, are thrust into sexual contact before their minds and bodies can deal with sexual emotion. This enforced precocity does not even improve later sexual adjustment. The anthropological evidence suggests that societies like Samoa that separate the sexes in youth enjoy the most generous sexual relationships in maturity.



But there is "no turning back the clock" as they say. The few remaining sex-segregated schools dwindle in an ideological void—as a species that survives the death of its philosophy and rationale. The issue today is not the desirability of coeducation. Coeducation is about as universal in American schools as dissatisfaction with their performance. The issue is whether the remaining male or female schools should rapidly open their doors to both sexes and whether any future institutions should experiment with sexual segregation.

The abandonment of separate education, peculiarly enough, has occurred without any visible national debate. Prestigious prep schools like Exeter and Andover, eminent women's colleges like Sarah Lawrence, and male institutions like Yale and Princeton have all quietly adopted coeducation as if it were inevitable. New elementary schools are universally coed. The reasons for the trend seem to be as much financial as academic. No one seems to have been able to offer cogent answers to the question "why not?" The Holy Ghost, needless to say, is no longer much consulted.

A Losing Game

The assumptions seem to be that segregated education is "unnatural"; that males and females are best educated as similarly as possible; and that the change is of no profound significance. Exeter or Yale with women is assumed to be not essentially different from those same institutions without them; coeducation at Exeter is regarded as essentially the same as coeducation at Yale or Sarah Lawrence—or for that matter, at a kindergarten, grade school, or junior high.

Yet, regardless or whether one considers the trend as ultimately desirable, most of the assumptions that accompany its adoption are demonstrably fallacious. A shift to coeducation is in

From Mr. Gilder's explosive new book, Sexual Suicide *(Fall List, Quadrangle Press, the publishing house of the New York Times). Copyright 1973 by George Gilder.*

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fact "unnatural" by most anthropological criteria. It represents a radical change in the learning environment for both boys and girls, who mature in very different ways and phases. It has drastically different effects in grade school and in college. And whatever the benefits, many of the problems of America's schools—and disorders of the society—are attributable to the universal presumption, rare in all other human societies, that boys and girls should be thrown together whenever possible.

Let us begin with a few simple, crucial, and apparently unmentionable facts about a typical high-school classroom. First and most important, most of the boys and a good number of the girls are thinking about the opposite sex most of the time. If you do not believe this you are a dreamer. The only thing about a classroom more important to adolescent boys than whether girls are present is whether or not it is on fire.

After School, What?

Advocates of coeducation will tell you that boys are learning to regard the girls as "human beings" rather than as sexual objects. These are the kinds of people who imagine that most males anywhere under any circumstances, short of affliction by senility, homosexuality, or Bella Abzug, ever refrain from regarding females as sexual objects. These are the "imaginative" types of people who run our schools. They tend to think that their sexual interest in budding adolescent girls is their own secret perversion. It happens to be shared by the boys in the schools (as well as by all the other male teachers).

If the educator is particularly creative and imaginative, he will suppose that these young "human beings" are learning a lot about life in their work together. What in fact the boys are learning is that unless they are exceptionally "bright" and obedient they will be exceeded in their studies by most of the girls. Unless you are imaginative, you will see that this is a further drag on their already faltering attention to Longfellow's *Evangeline*. Clearly in a losing game in masculine terms, the boys react in two ways: They put on a show for the girls and dominate the class anyway; or they drop out. Enough of them eventually drop out, in fact, to disguise the otherwise decided statistical superiority of female performance in school. But they do not drop out soon enough to suit educators, for whom aggressive boys are the leading problem in every high school.

Adolescent boys are radically different from adolescent girls. The boys, for example, are at the pinnacle of sexual desire and aggressiveness. In school, what they chiefly need is male discipline and challenge, ideally without girls present to distract them. Girls, on the other hand, are less aggressive and sexually compulsive at this stage and are willing to study without rigid policing and supervision. Thus a classroom that contains both boys and girls will hurt both. The boys will be surpassed and demoralized by the girls; the girls will be distracted and demoralized by the boys. Both sexes will be damaged by the continuous disciplining which the rebellious and unsuccessful boys require.

There are benefits to coeducation, however. It allows our educational system to avoid "sexism," reduce costs, and get rid of rambunctious lower-class males. It conditions a good many boys to compete with women on female terms. The classroom successes of these "grinds" and "apple-polishers" are somewhat tarnished after school or in the men's room when they are brutally harassed by gangs of unsuccessful male students. But what happens after school —or in the men's room, God forbid— is of little concern to the school management. The only after-school that interests them is college admissions.

Coeducation also relieves the educators of figuring out some way of teaching boys without emasculating them as much as possible. As Patricia Cayo Sexton has elaborately documented, it is the most "feminine" boys, by every index, who tend to excel in school. Obedient and submissive in the classroom, their aggressions emerge fitfully in other arenas. They raise hell on college campuses, for example. Otherwise they masturbate incessantly, worry about it even more than about their grades, and generally turn their energies inward where they can cause serious distortions of character. Homosexuality and violence are frequent outlets, drugs a frequent palliative. But they *do* do well in school.

Intimate Trafficking

Surprisingly, to imaginative educators, these types have less trouble in all-male institutions. Contrary to the widespread notion, homosexuality is evident neither at prep schools nor at parochial schools. Boys with masculinity problems are reinforced by an all-male environment, while less competent though virile students are not so estranged from education by their failures. Competition with females is destructive to males in any arena; but nowhere is it so damaging as among impressionable adolescents preoccupied with their intense, inchoate sexuality.

Nonetheless, enough boys are surviving school with their masculinity intact to deeply distress women's liberation. It has became clear that in order to wipe out "sexism" it is necessary to attack it at the root—to give boys a "head start" in emasculation. Thus the

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movement is striking at the early grades: kindergarten and nursery school. Exploiting their great strength in the teaching profession, particularly at the elementary level, the feminists want to remove every vestige of sexual differentiation from textbooks and class activities. They are succeeding widely and no one seems willing to resist firmly.

The National Teachers Association has adopted a militantly feminist position and many teachers across the country are turning elementary school into an even more destructive experience for little boys than it long has been. These boys still will ultimately have to face the problem of becoming men, of dealing with the imperious claims of their adolescent bodies. The only difference will be their lack of a developed psychological framework for masculine expression. The confusions of the more vulnerable ones will blight their lives. The liberationists seem to imagine that the sexuality of small children is some kind of ideological playground. They should recognize that these are not fetuses whose lives they are aborting.

Ideally the best compromise probably would be to let the movement change the teaching of little girls if it can. Girls seem to be less vulnerable sexually. But the attacks on little boys should be terminated by establishing separate facilities for them. Since this solution will not be adopted by many schools, it seems necessary to fight the movement on every point, while moving men into elementary schoolteaching as rapidly as possible. This means paying elementary schoolteachers salaries commensurate with the vital importance of their work.

Virtually every primitive society divides the children and teaches the sexes separately. Most provide the boys with dramatic initiatory rituals, needed because male lives lack distinct and dramatic stages like those found in the unfolding of female sexuality. In very few cases are the boys and girls thrown together more than two years before their marriages. These divisions promote the development of a confident masculinity and a rich and successful later sex life.

In the United States the girls and boys are expected to traffic together intimately for years before they can marry. They are subjected to intense sexual distractions and competitions during the critical stages of their educations. They are brought up in a society where sex is continuously advertised and propagandized.

Is There Any Hope?

The result is that American boys and girls are driven into periods of sexual experimentation and stress unapproached in either length or intensity by any other society. One aspect of sex is drastically downplayed, however, and that is the most important, fundamental, and sexually differentiated part—procreation. Thus, the American system of coeducation vividly teaches the lesson that boys and girls are sexually similar and that sex is a matter of exchanging pleasures between them in a reciprocal way. This approach is inimical to durable love and marriage. The boys do not learn to venerate the procreative powers of women and the girls stunt their own consciousness of a more elaborate sexuality. Thus, in effect, masculine sexual patterns prevail throughout this educational period, even though love and marriage must usually be based on deeper and more extended female sexuality.

If you were to predict that a society which teaches sex in the way we do in America would face severe problems of both male and female socialization, you would be all too right. If you were to observe that its marriages would be deeply troubled, you would state the obvious. Yet unless you were extraordinarily optimistic, you would not expect the obvious to be recognized or acted upon. You would anticipate that the current trends will persist on into the sexual suicide society.

The fact is that there seems to be virtually no chance of arresting the trend toward the integration of all sexually segregated schools. Young people are being immersed, if that is the word, in the shallow currents of reciprocal sex at a steadily earlier age. It seems that by denying the Holy Ghost His six inches in the schools, one dooms most of society to just that measure of sexual fulfillment. □

Firing Line Guest: James Bond

Mr. Buckley: Sabotage is the subject and our guest
Is the suave, lethal, and cunning best
Secret Service Agent that gold can buy.
We were meticulously careful to prepare his martini, medium dry,
Twist of lemon, shaken not stirred,
Realizing had we erred,
Well, you will recall the fate of Mr. Goldfinger and Dr. No
When they tangled with double-lived Double 0
7. You were I believe, Mr. Bond, President Kennedy's
way to unwind,
And had Mr. Nixon tuned you in he would perhaps not now be behind
The eight ball.
Mr. Bond: You mean on Watergate? All
That mess
Might have been avoided, yes.
Mr. Buckley: Are you at liberty to give a short critique?
Mr. Bond: Not really, old chap, except to call it a *faux pas magnifique.*
Mr. Buckley: Unworthy of your operation, I take it?
Mr. Bond: Put it this way: SPECTRE would kill them all before they
could make it
Out of the ladies' lounge.
Mr. Buckley: I begin to see why millions have founge
You fascinating: You relish danger where other men recoil.
Mr. Bond: I really hate to spoil
Your fun, Mr. Buckley:
I relish the sybaritic life. Luck'ly
I've lived to enjoy it, too.
Mr. Buckley: Rule Britannia? None of that for you?
Mr. Bond: Quite. I leave all patriotic stunts
To the Liddys and the Hunts.

JOHANNES EFF

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CHINA

Given much the same data, a noted Chinese scholar weighs in on the question of what happened to Lin Piao, and comes up with an alternative hypothesis to the Charles J. V. Murphy reconstruction

The End of Lin Piao, Another Version

DAVID NELSON ROWE

I HAVE READ with great interest Charles J. V. Murphy's article "Who Killed Lin Piao?" (*NR*, June 8). The article seems however to raise as many questions as it answers. This is no adverse criticism; no one today seems able to answer all questions arising from this bizarre incident.

First question: Does Peitaiho have an airfield adequate to handle such a jet? I doubt it. Chinwangtao, some ten miles to the northeast, might.

Second question: If they came down just about 160 miles inside of Outer Mongolia because they were short of fuel, why did they head that way in the first place? According to Mr. Murphy, the Chinese Communist explanation of this is that Lin Piao, a traitor to his country, was fleeing to the USSR. But *if* they were short of fuel on takeoff (someone surely could read the gauges) and *if* Lin was truly seeking escape to the USSR, why didn't they head toward Vladivostok instead? Vladivostok is only about 680 air miles from Peitaiho, while Irkutsk is about 1,125 miles from there. From Peitaiho to where the flight ended 160 miles inside Outer Mongolia is about 630 miles, requiring a fuel load of about 25 per cent of capacity. But to get to Vladivostok would only require about 27 per cent of capacity, both these figures being based upon a full load of up to eighty persons, instead of the mere nine that were found in the plane after the crash. In addition, flying northwest toward Irkutsk the prevailing winds would normally be adverse, while if flying northeast they would be favorable. This could easily have eliminated the need for the added 2 per cent of fuel capacity required to reach Vladivostok.

Further, if they were so low on fuel, how can we explain the strange flight

pattern of the plane after crossing the Outer Mongolian frontier? Mr. Murphy's account has it that the Trident crossed the border between China and Outer Mongolia at 1:55 A.M., and at 3 A.M. crashed at a place named Henteiaimak, 160 miles inside the frontier. Army Map Service 1 to 1,000,000 maps of the area don't carry that place name, but that doesn't prove it isn't there.

Question: What was the plane doing, hanging around for 65 minutes during which it covered only 160 miles beyond the frontier? According to *Jane's All the World's Aircraft* (1972-73 edition), its most economical cruising speed, at 30,000 feet, is 596 mph. To cover 160 miles in a straight line in 65 minutes the plane would be averaging only about 147.7 mph., only 19.7 mph more than the stalling speed of the plane with full flaps down, albeit at a maximum landing weight. This would indeed be a strange, and even somewhat dangerous flight pattern.

According to Mr. Murphy, Chou En-lai has stated flatly that the plane "was forced down because its fuel supply ran low." To know this, either agents of Lin's enemies had to be there at takeoff, or, much less likely, the fugitive plane broke radio silence, which would be required for the secret flight to succeed, and reported its dilemma. The former of these two possibilities seems highly probable, but the latter cannot be ruled out entirely.

WAS, in fact, Lin Piao on that plane at all? Mr. Murphy seems to believe he was. Chou En-lai, again, insists upon it, saying that although the bodies of those on board were burned on crashing, "they were not completely destroyed and it was still possible to identify them." Also, there was a news release of Soviet origin of Jan. 1, 1972 in which Soviet medical experts stated they were "reasonably certain" that two of the bodies aboard the crashed plane were those of Lin Piao and his wife. (Cited second-hand by Professor Richard C. Thornton in *The Bear and the Dragon*, American-Asian Educational Exchange, 1972.)

On the other hand there is the recent statement by Gen. Yeh Hsiang-chih, Director, Intelligence Bureau of the Ministry of National Defense of Nationalist China, as follows:

> Actually, I think the Russians know whether or not the plane was carrying

Mr. Rowe, Professor of Political Science at Yale, participated in NR*'s special issue on China (March 3, 1972).*

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Lin Piao. The Soviets never formally admitted it, but Russian officials all over the world say privately that Lin was not on the plane.

For the present it would seem that all we can really know about this point is that the Chinese Communist leadership seems to want us to believe Lin Piao was on the plane and died when it crashed and burned. We may very well never know the truth.

May I now advance a theory, however tentative it must be, to explain some of these matters? It is simply that the flight of the Trident was under the control of Mao and his cohorts from start to finish. Their choice of a northwesterly course for the plane was because, from Mao's point of view, Outer Mongolia was an ideal place for terminating the flight with the crash of the plane. To make any convincing case that Lin Piao was traitorously fleeing his country, but, at the same time, effectively to prevent him from succeeding in such a plan, the plane had to crash on foreign soil. In Outer Mongolia Chinese Communist diplomatic representatives were available to inspect the wreckage and bodies, bury the dead after photographing the remains, and certify who they were. This could be arranged in and as to Outer Mongolia, which, although under the complete control of the Russians, nevertheless was at least nominally an independent state where Chinese Communist diplomats enjoyed a regular status.

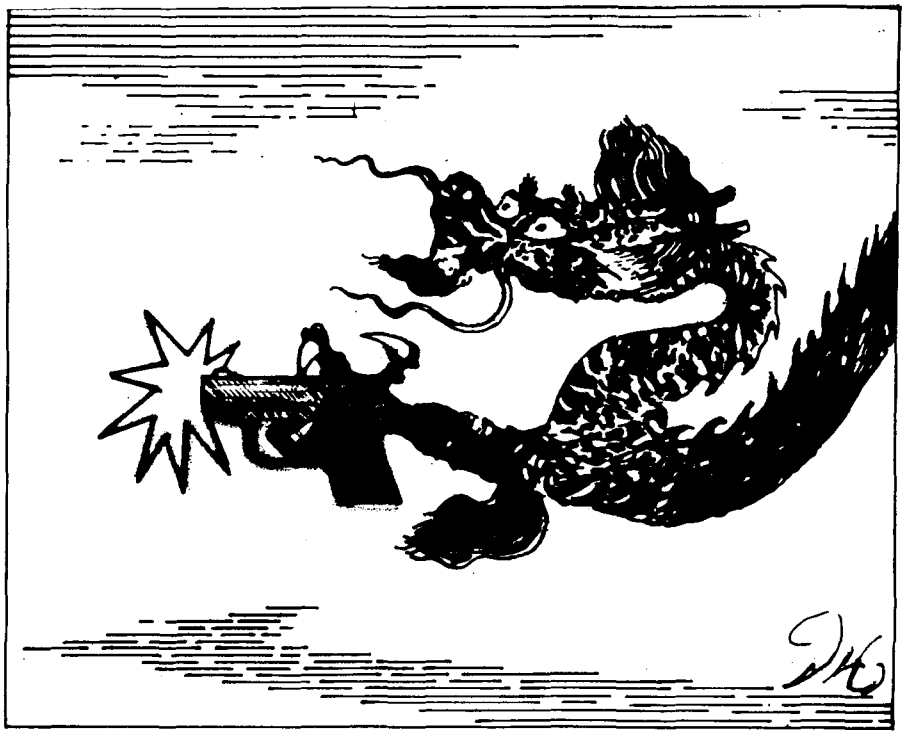
By contrast, the flight to Vladivostok, in Eastern Siberia, or thereabouts, which Lin himself must almost certainly have chosen as his destination from Peitaiho, would have put Mao in a real dilemma. First, Lin simply could not be allowed to escape alive to Russia. To prevent this, with destination Vladivostok, the plane would have to be brought down over the Chinese territory of Manchuria, for the distance between the Manchurian-Russian border and Vladivostok is so very short that to wait until then to bring the plane down would have been at the unacceptable risk that Lin would indeed make his escape into Russian territory. And if the plane had to be shot down, how could a Chinese fighter plane on such a mission successfully invade the air space of the USSR? Not very easily, in the present state of Soviet defenses. But if interception of any such flight, or its termination from any cause, were to take place within Chinese territory, how then prove Lin's traitorous intent to flee the country?

Such considerations simply dictated the northwesterly course of the plane toward and into Outer Mongolia. On takeoff there was no doubt sufficient fuel on the plane for a flight to Irkutsk, The crew would be instructed before takeoff to fly that way, and await further instructions by radio after crossing the Outer Mongolian frontier. Their dilatory flight from the frontier to the point 160 miles inside it where they crashed was caused by their delaying to receive radio instructions they never did receive. Instead, a fighter plane of the Chinese Communist air force intercepted the plane and shot it down in flames.

To support this theory there is the widely disseminated story that not one, but two Chinese Communist planes violated the Outer Mongolian frontier during the night in question, and that one returned to Chinese territory. This report is stated to be "unconfirmed," but then so is nearly everything else about this affair. (See Prof. Thornton's previously cited work.) To confirm this, however, is the report already mentioned, of the Soviet medical experts, who also stated that all nine of the bodies aboard the plane were "bullet-riddled." If this is true, the crash must have involved the plane's having been shot at from the outside, that is, unless we want to think there was a gun-battle inside the plane in which everyone was shot. This latter seems highly improbable. Even hijackers don't shoot all the pilots.

If, as I believe, however, the flight was under full control of Mao and his cohorts from the start, it is almost certain that the six passengers had been killed before takeoff, and their dead bodies loaded into the plane. How else be *absolutely* certain that Lin would not escape? Then to make doubly sure of everything, the plane was shot down in Outer Mongolia where not only the Outer Mongolians and the Chinese Communists, but also the Russians, would have cognizance of the affair. Direct Russian involvement and knowledge in this matter could be relied upon to compound the confusion of the outer world regarding this event. By contrast, *if* Mao had taken the risk of allowing Lin Piao seemingly to do the logical thing and simply flee to the nearest point in the USSR, he would, as already pointed out, risk a successful escape if Lin went on board the plane alive, or if not, and the plane were to crash inside the USSR, the whole game of who killed whom, where, when, and how would have become a monopoly of the Russian intelligence and other services. This would entirely negate the whole Maoist ploy of making the best possible propaganda gain out of a nasty situation.

It also appears uncertain just where



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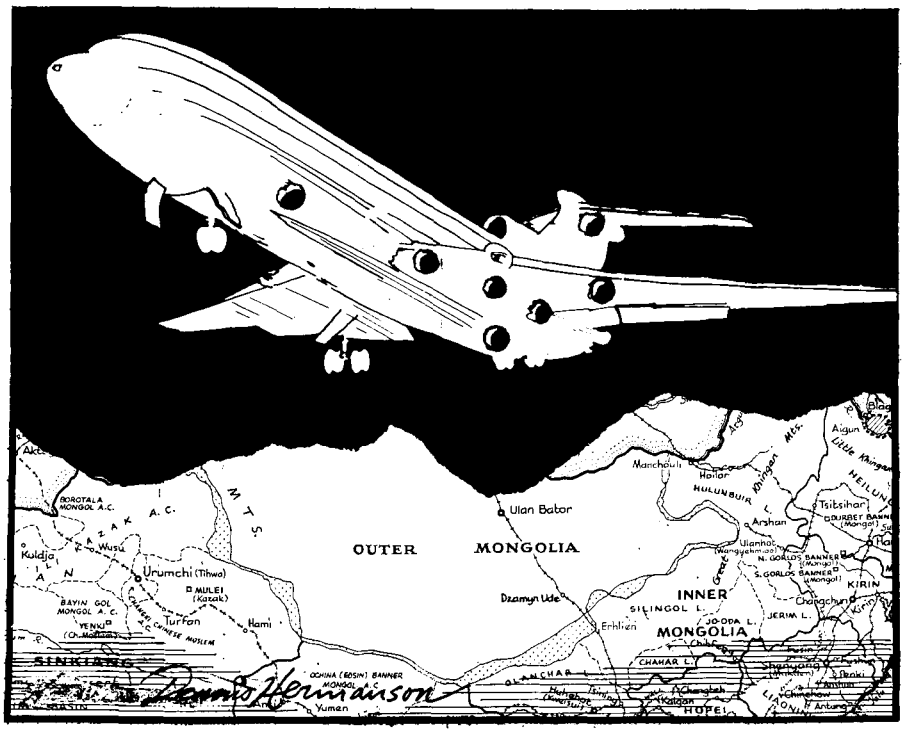

the plane did come down. Prof. Thornton states that it was at Altan Bulak, "three hundred miles due north of Ulan Bator." This is, in fact close to three hundred kilometers, not miles, from Ulan Bator. He most prudently labels his whole account of the entire event as tentative.

But it is more important to try to draw some more general meaning out of the whole matter. Here is where I have some difficulty with Mr. Murphy's presentation. He clearly states, first, that the Lin Piao affair, "while partly a struggle for power, essentially was concerned with the uses of power . . ." and he cites four specific areas of policy disagreement between Mao and Lin and their groups.

But at the end of his article he seems to reverse himself:

> Old China Hands, as differentiated from China-watchers who are mostly political scientists, lean to a fairly direct explanation for the state of things in the Middle Kingdom of Mao, Chou, and Chiang Ch'ing.

This, he says, involves people who are all Communists, but a situation which

> . . . in its fundamental circumstances fairly fits the classical Chinese dynastic *situation: an aging ruler unwilling* to settle on a successor because he remains loath to surrender power; an ambitious younger wife who is opposed to her husband's taking a lesser role because it would mean oblivion for her; and in *Chou En-lai, the Grand Vizier*, a clever, intelligent man of power who is determined to hold his own position.

Mr. Murphy's application of the term Grand Vizier to Chou En-lai raises, in fact, a central problem of Mao's current situation. "Grand Vizier" refers to a chief officer of state in Muslim countries and particularly in Turkey formerly. In dynastic China this was of course the emperor, and in Communist China today it is Mao himself. In recent Chinese dynasties, government officials directly under the throne were members of conciliar bodies such as the Council of State or the Grand Secretariat, with absolutely no claim to the succession to the throne. Succession to the quasi-absolute or quasi-despotic power of the emperor was by direct biological inheritance, almost always father-to-son. This recourse is not open to Mao Tse-tung, his son being an imbecile who, some say, was driven to insanity by his father.

So today in Communist China, and contrary to dynastic tradition, government officials close below the chief of state himself are vitally involved with the question of succession, thus critically enhancing the conspiratorial nature of high-level Chinese Communist politics since none of the rivals for power can have any sort of real claim to the succession. Lin Piao must be seen as a casualty of this sort of struggle, as Liu Shao-ch'i had been before him.

By his two conflicting statements as to causation in the Lin Piao affair Mr. Murphy perhaps succeeds in confusing us unnecessarily. As I have been telling my students for 35 years, the normal process of traditional Chinese politics is conspiracy. Under Mao this traditional character has been reinforced to an all but irrational level, "issues" and struggles for power are bound up into an organic unit. It is absolutely impossible to separate them one from another, and it is more than a waste of time to try it: It is to engage in basic self-deception. Issues are always the servants and instruments of struggle, not the sources. They are artificially created, in many cases, then destroyed, re-established in currency, and then again rendered nullities, ad infinitum.

As time goes on, those Americans most directly involved in dealings with the Chinese Communists will painfully learn that on the basis of pragmatic issues and interests there can be no more stability in our current attempted relations with them than their own chaotic, shifting, and anarchic internal relations with one another allow the rulers of Communist China themselves. In fact, the only sensible and practicable attitude for us to adopt toward the Chinese Communist politics of paranoia and schizophrenia is one of cold, self-contained neutrality, neither too hostile (but always defensively aware), nor too friendly. They don't need any hostility from us to make them hostile toward us: They manufacture hostility out of friendship (ask the Russians). And the more friendly we may try to be, the more nervously hostile they must become toward us. For, as the late Mr. Nehru of India found out, in their eyes there is nothing more vitally dangerous than an "enemy" who pretends to be a "friend." And the more we try to convince them we are their friends, the bigger liars we will become in their eyes. This goes for everyone, President Nixon, Mr. Kissinger, and so on down the line.

I will close by saying that I am an "Old China Hand" (born in China too), a reasonably assiduous China-watcher, and a teacher of Far Eastern Politics in a Department of Political Science. How about that, Mr. Murphy? □

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LETTER FROM OTTAWA

Government Out

JOHN PHILLIPS

THE VERY IDEA of farmers subsidizing industry has a dreamlike quality in this post-Keynesian age. Society is so accustomed to enormous handouts to farmers that a change in what has come to be regarded as the natural order seems an aberration. Yet Canadian hog farmers are embarking on a project that will reverse forty years of economic practice.

They are planning to set up a pork export agency that will be financed by the farming community, without government involvement. Money will come from a check-off on hogs sold and lodged with a national agency. Meat-company executives will then be able to go overseas in a position to meet competition. Should they have to cut prices in order to get an order, the agency will make up the loss. Specific farmers will raise animals solely for export, with contracts from the agency guaranteeing prices.

This scheme is the brainchild of some medium-sized farmers who want to create a permanent market in Japan for their products (Canadian bacon, ham, and other fresh cuts). They hope to expand the toehold they secured there in 1972 when they exported about 45 million pounds. The high prices that are currently being offered in the North American market have robbed most meat companies of the incentive to go out and sell elsewhere, so the farmers are going to do it themselves.

A pilot project will start soon in Alberta. The farmer-elected, farmer-controlled Alberta Hog Producers Marketing Board will sponsor a forward-contracting sales system. Participating farmers are to produce solely for export markets at weights, prices, and terms guaranteed by a unique bonding plan.

The scheme allows private companies to offer foreign buyers, particularly those in Japan and other Pacific-rim countries, long-range deliveries regardless of day-to-day fluctuations in the domestic price. Farmers will then be able to plan investment and production, knowing their returns precisely.

The future of the plan hinges on the success or failure of this experiment. When the final trans-Canada agency is undertaken, it will be shaped by the Albertans' experience. And this may come sooner than anticipated: Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Quebec are showing keen interest in the program; these provinces plus Alberta account for close to 95 per cent of the nation's hog output.

This is happening at a time when politicians and farm leaders are questioning all government agricultural programs. They look at the U.S. and see that tens of billions of dollars have gone to support agriculture since World War II, with little apparent effect. The biggest beneficiaries of this largesse have been large plantations, agribusiness companies, and sprawling cattle ranches in the Southwest. The ingenuity of accountants and shrewd landowners to maximize returns from the subsidy system has become legendary. As is so often the case with government programs, those farmers who need help have thin pickings.

Canada has fared little better. Over the past twenty years, billions of dollars have been granted to farmers, usually in lump sums, and usually just before an election. There has been no long-term objective; no intention on the part of Parliament to spend the money to help small- and medium-sized farmers; no thought to the period just beyond the current crisis. This fecklessness might have continued until bulls grew teats but for one of those quirks that justify our form of government: a minister of agriculture who had escaped political-science courses.

Western cattleman Horace Andrew Olson entered Canada's House of Commons on the Social Credit ticket ten years ago. As the "funny money" party withered in the Prairies, he found a niche in the Liberal Party and moved upward without having to sacrifice too many of his principles, which are basically conservative. Olson was appointed Minister of Agriculture in 1969. He embarked on a policy that was greeted at first with stunned silence. He secured large appropriations to retire uneconomic small farms from production or to consolidate them into larger money-making units; then he drafted legislation to allow farmer-run marketing groups to organize and finance their own business undertakings. Almost as an aside, he said subsidies would be phased out over several years. Few people believed him.

Then came the trimming and paring. The yearly subsidy collected by Canadian farmers is steadily dwindling. For the current fiscal year, the Department of Agriculture's budget was slashed by 8 per cent (and remember there was an election brewing). More significant, Mr. Olson managed to get his message across to the Prime Minister.

ADDRESSING a meeting of the *Union Catholique des Cultivateurs*—the Quebec farm organization—early last year, Mr. Trudeau said: "Like any other sector, [agriculture] has to operate without subsidies, without outside aid, as a mature organism that has developed to its full potential." This was close to mind-blowing, but the audience merely blinked. The only protests came from some rural sociologists and other pseudo-professionals in "agribusiness."

Mr. Olson was defeated in the 1972 general election, but his successor, Eugene Whelan, has much the same philosophy. He has made it clear that, in the future, farm income must be determined in the marketplace, even if that means higher food prices.

Commercial farmers are now bracing their industry for the competitive struggle ahead. The first result will be the pork export agency. But apple growers in Ontario and Quebec are now planning to solve their surplus problem by getting into the hard-cider business.

As government withdraws from the agricultural marketplace, then, there has been no panic, no collapse, no disaster. Quite the reverse—Canadian farmers have discovered whole new horizons.

Who would have thought even two years ago that farmers would be considering export subsidies to food wholesalers? □

Mr. Phillips is Editor of Farm and Country *(published in Toronto) and a freelance writer.*

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LETTER FROM TRIPOLI

Libyan Adventures

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

If the atmosphere in Algeria is —as I described it in a previous article—soporific, there is only one apt description of the ambience in Libya today: catatonic. There is nothing more bracing to drink than orange juice, nothing more interesting to read than the Koran and an occasional Arab daily, nowhere to socialize except hotel lobbies, and no women to gape at except some round figures in white sheets mysteriously weaving through traffic jams, their faces totally obscured. The authorities, as if they had the visitor's best interests at heart and would spare him an untimely end from ennui, make entry difficult.

There are more traps than there are Arabs; a specially insidious one is the January 1, 1973 Libyan visa law. Let me expalin . . .

Paris. The cheerful flunky behind the desk in the foyer of the Libyan consulate bids me wait for His Excellency the Second Assistant to His Excellency the First Assistant to His . . . oh well, I don't mind, I wait. When His Excellency is ready for me I am led through the hall by the first flunky's flunky, who, after a stop and a few words with some of his cronies sipping coffee nearby, turns me over to still another flunky who in turn takes me into an empty room, looks around, scratches his head, smiles, and leads me right back to the original flunky at the entrance. I have by now lost my temper and am shouting.

The original flunky proceeds verbally to assassinate his assistant, literally blasting him with cloudbursts of spittle. (Arabic requires the frequent use of the consonant H, and after long hours of coffee-sipping violent diatribes have a tendency to become all wet.) His assistant meekly wipes himself, beckons me to follow, escorts me through the hall, stops momentarily to chat again with his friends, and then duplicates his master's performance while raining insults on the flunky who had conducted me to the empty room. The latter—sadder, wetter, but wiser—finally directs me to another room, opens the door, looks around, and, eureka, breaks out in smiles of satisfaction while ushering me through to a portly gentleman gently snoozing underneath an Arab comic book of sorts. (If the reader does not believe any of this, I beg him to go to Paris and see for himself. If I am found to be exaggerating I will pay the penalty, which is to trace Colonel Qaddafi's family tree all the way back to 1939.)

The portly gentleman kindly requests my reasons for wanting to visit Libya, smiles reassuringly when I tell him I want to report on the progress of the country since the revolution of 1969, and avuncularly advises me to wait around for a bit: "It will take two or three days, but not to worry, not to worry, no?"

Three weeks later I am at my accustomed post by the entrance of the consulate. The flunkies, I am sure, are as sick of the sight of me as I am of them. Finally, the portly gentleman proudly announces that the Libyan Arab Republic is happy to grant me a visa. I kiss him on both cheeks in the traditional Islamic gesture of brotherly love. "There is only one small problem," he says sheepishly, "your passport is no good the way it is right now." "What's wrong with it?" I smell an Arab rat. "There is nothing wrong with it, except that according to our new law it has to read in Arabic," he explains. "But how can an American passport be in Arabic?" I scream.

Thus were three weeks lost in the beautiful city of Paris. I finally got my visa by flying to Athens and applying for a business visa through a firm dealing in Libyan oil. (Business permits exempted the holder's passport from the new law at that time.)

Benghazi. After all the trials and tribulations the only stumbling block to my reaching Tripoli, I feared, would be an Israeli Mirage, or a pilot's error. Arab aviators have developed a certain reputation and I gave myself a fifty-fifty chance of making it. But my fears were assuaged by the steward, who assured me that our Libyan Caravelle was thoroughly checked out in France each week, and that the only thing Arabic about the plane was the sign instructing us to fasten our seat belts.

After an uneventful flight we reached Benghazi, standing like a lonely Fort Zinderneuf, the last outpost between the sea and hundreds of miles of red, craggy desert. Despite Libya's $2-billion annual oil income, the authorities have not seen fit to refurbish the ramshackle old stone hangar that serves both commercial and cargo flights. After suffering a Kafkaesque customs search of our belongings, we were told to wait "over there." The intercom kept crackling in Arabic; after each announcement there was a mad rush for the counter by the foreign passengers. The whole scene resembled a convention of deaf-mutes as we vainly tried to make ourselves understood. Two or three times I approached the most official-looking chap around and uttered the word "Tripoli." Each time I was given the Arab signal to wait, which is an inverted fist with all fingers held together and pointed upwards. The fourth time I inquired he turned around, pointed at a departing aircraft, smiled, and said: "Bukra, bukra." Linguistically I am not an Arabist, but bukra being by far the most used word in this part of the world, I immediately understood: It meant tomorrow. It also meant that I had missed my flight and that speck on the horizon contained all my luggage, papers, and money.

The most important thing in such situations, I have found, is to remain cool and unperturbed. In my best pantomime I explained my situation and demanded a taxi for Benghazi. I was informed in equally good pantomime that my visa stipulated that I could visit only Tripoli, therefore I would have to spend the night in the airport lounge. I became hot and perturbed; that was unfortunate as I was immediately whisked before a stern-looking officer who in perfect English asked me a few questions and then hinted darkly that the authorities frowned upon foreigners calling Libyan officials a-------. "Ha, ha," I pretended to laugh, "in America we call everyone that. It is an endearing term, rather than a curse." He just kept

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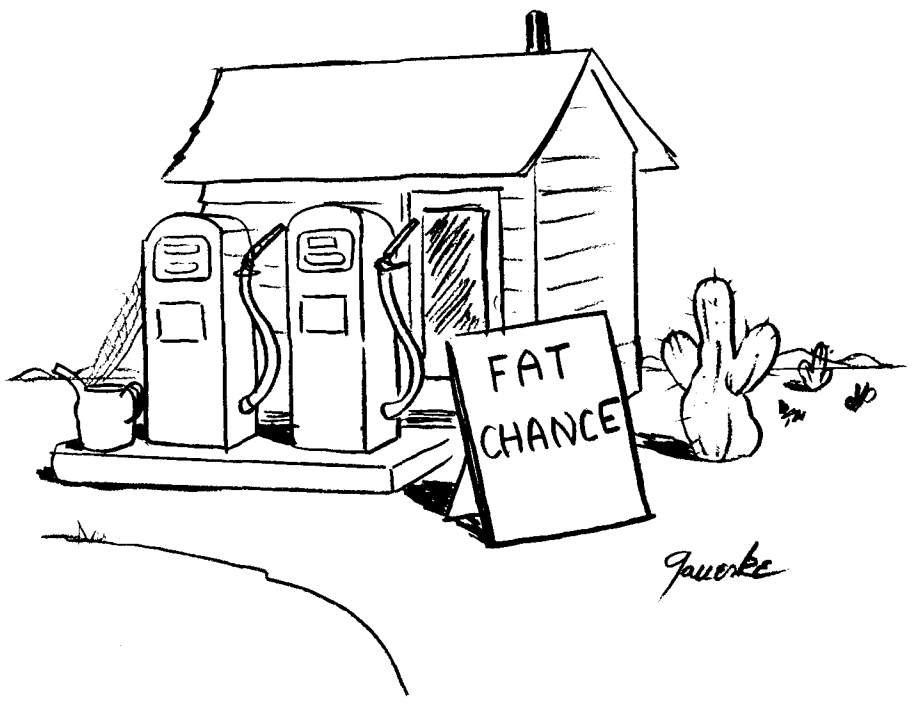
looking at me—or through me—and finally told me I was free to go back to the lounge. The next day, after developing a new understanding of what Ivan Denisovich meant about bone-chilling cold, I attached myself to a hostess who led me to the Holy Grail in the shape of a Caravelle, destination Tripoli.

TRIPOLI. According to the Islamic calendar this is the year 1392. The airport looks like it was built around that year, Gregorian. All signs are in Arabic; many passengers who are not polyglots find themselves handing their money and traveler's checks to the attendant in the men's room. No alcohol is permitted; if found in luggage, it is confiscated on the spot. The unsurprising result of this prohibition is a flourishing black market run by the diplomatic corps in competition with visiting Arab dignitaries and technicians. Most of the staff of the hotels and the few restaurants complain bitterly about the replacement of European visitors by Egyptians. "Who needs this rabble?" exclaimed the manager of the Palace Hotel. "They never tip, look down upon us, and take the best jobs from Libyans." When reminded that the Europeans were accused of the same thing by the revolutionary government he said: "Yes, but they were imperialists. These people are supposed to be our brothers."

Nevertheless the population is solidly —fanatically—behind Qaddafi's puritanical rule. The city literally vibrates with the incessant building of new low-income housing, and other projects such as the extension of the harbor, new roads, and the installation of a pipeline. It is also extensively covered with the signs adorning most emerging socialist republics, signs exhorting "workers to mighty erections" and the Libyan version of "Arab is beautiful."

But despite the building the lovely old city evokes nostalgia and dim memories of a Lawrence Durrell world. It is frustrating to think what it must have been like in the past. The grand old hotels are now shabby; life for the foreign technicians is unbearably boring, and for fun-loving diplomats, simply torture. Still, the average Libyan is much better off than before. The corruption, so rampant under the old regime, has totally disappeared, while new jobs have been created to go along with the housing developments that have replaced the shantytowns that ringed the city.

The fiercely religious, ascetic Qaddafi enjoys a popularity unmatched by any other Arab leader, especially among students. In faraway places like Kuwait University his name is the only one invoked with pride and admiration. In fact, he is probably more popular outside Libya than within. Some of his detractors accuse him of not caring about his countrymen and doing more for the Egyptians than necessary. They point out that the planned merger with Egypt and Syria will benefit both states to the detriment of Libya. Qaddafi, however, has other ideas. He realizes that with an illiterate population of two million, Libya can never amount to much in a world rapidly changing through technology and science. Why not, then, buy a ready-made population, and one with a great history behind it at that? That prospect gives the semisophisticated, sensual Cairo middle classes nightmares, because along with his oil Qaddafi will bring—and impose—his puritanism. He believes that all Arab problems, including economic and political ones, are directly attributable to the Western culture that infected Islam and thus can be eradicated by strict application of Islamic principles. In this he is supported by the Muslim Brotherhood, which is again gaining favor among Egyptians disenchanted with President Sadat's timid moves. It also fits in with the ultra-religious ideas of the underprivileged—a category that most Arabs easily qualify for. And even some frustrated Egyptian officers have been known to remark that Qaddafi could lift the dispirited Arab armies out of the doldrums. The scenario reads like this: On September 1, Sadat will be elected President of the new Arab union, with Qaddafi second in command. After a while the students will start militating for action against Israel and the usual things students militate over. Sadat will resign and Mr. Q will take over. Then everything will be rosy, all the Arabs will get unlimited amounts of pilaf, and Israel will disappear.



Whatever the outcome, one thing is certain: If Qaddafi eventually becomes president of the three countries, the following things will happen: American tourists wishing to visit the pyramids will have to sneak in by donkey wearing the appropriate dress. People will not hang about the Cairo Hilton grabbing your arm and screaming, "You change dollar, you change dollar?" Belly dancing will be enjoyed only at the Egyptians Gardens on West 38th Street, Syrian pimps will stop bringing fat little virgins into Beirut for fat Lebanese businessmen, ten million Egyptians will migrate to Libya, while two million Libyans will be sent to Switzerland to replace the Italians, Greeks, and Spanish. The Israelis will launch a commando raid on Tripoli, blow up a pipeline, and mercifully abduct all diplomats stationed there. □

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LETTER FROM SANTIAGO

Never a Dull Moment

NENA OSSA

IT HAD BEEN forecast time and again, but the attempt by a military unit to overthrow Salvador Allende came as an abrupt surprise June 29.

"The common people must leave their homes and rush to defend their government with arms or whatever they have," cried Allende over the radio, quite audibly alarmed. In downtown Santiago some passers-by ran for their lives while others flocked to watch this curious revolution. Several were shot, mostly by Marxist snipers posted on the roofs of government buildings. Meanwhile nuns danced with joy in the classrooms of Catholic schools and, according to rumors, government officials sounded out a few embassies for political asylum.

At 11:46 A.M. it was all over. The government reported only 22 dead, but underground reports put the total above forty. Dozens were injured. The rebellious lieutenant-colonel who headed the conspiracy was quickly imprisoned. A nightly curfew brought an uneasy calm to Santiago. Television stations, radios, and newspapers of all persuasions fell almost immediately under rigorous army censorship. All were forbidden to probe beyond official bulletins. Had it been an absurd masquerade? Had a wide-scale coup d'etat failed at the last minute leaving the lieutenant-colonel holding the bag? Was he an isolated lunatic? Upsetting questions these, and ones that probably will never be answered.

Yet a few features became clear. First, Chileans learned that the armed forces can control the streets whenever they wish. Even the Left acknowledged the point: The extremists who make it their business to shoot, hit, stone, and insult women and students weren't to be seen in the streets on June 29. Later in the day, it was both pathetic and grotesque to watch Allende on television paying obsequious homage to the armed forces.

Second, no matter how infiltrated they may be by Marxist ideology, the armed forces remain cohesive, hierarchical, and respectful of the constitution. Or better, their patience has not run out completely. Because this is so, Allende is now caught between the military and the paramilitary Marxist forces.

From the end of May Allende had been trying to put together a new Marxist-military cabinet that he hoped could pull him out of his troubles (unrestrained violence, the copper strike, an expected 300 per cent inflation, a $461-million deficit in the balance of payments, 10 per cent and 20 per cent decreases in industrial and agricultural production respectively, and adamant attacks from the opposition through legal channels).

The mini-rebellion hastened a decision. The armed forces were willing to participate in the new coalition, but under eight stipulations: Allende must 1) respect the balance between the executive, legislative, and judicial powers, 2) abolish political gatherings and street parades, 3) increase industrial efficiency by putting a stop to political sectarianism in industry, 4) try to put an end to the exodus of professionals and technicians, 5) stamp out illegal seizures of land and industries, 6) stabilize the escudo, 7) halt inflation by freezing wages and salaries, and 8) deport the thousands of foreign guerrillas operating in the country.

Apparently, the Communists, Socialists, and Radicals, who form the bulk of Allende's coalition, would have yielded. But the extremist MIR (considered these days to be the advance guard of the Communist Party) balked. Quite rightly believing that such a cabinet would finish off the Allende revolution, the Miristas threatened to initiate a wave of terrorism and paralyze the nationalized industries. Allende, either genuinely frightened or playing for time, discarded the military and named a civilian cabinet—which a Christian Democrat senator promptly, and justly, described as "the same cake with different flies."

Pressed by the Socialists, Allende also suddenly revoked the state of emergency and the curfew. He thus left the streets and industries at the mercy of all sorts of extremists who, incited by the Communists through the Workers Union, overnight seized more than fifty industries. They also issued inflammatory pamphlets which, among other provocative instructions, urged raids on police barracks to obtain arms and ammunition. Clearly, Communist strategy has moved from a strategy of encouraging production and a piecemeal socialization and communization of the country to a strategy calling for a bloody confrontation between the army and the workers, perhaps in an effort to bring disaffected workers, including the all-important copper miners, back into the fold. That was the situation when the army came to Allende's aid and aborted the attempted coup.

The question now is: Can the military afford to stay aloof any longer? Lovers of democracy shrink at the idea of a military dictatorship; and the Christian Democrats, knowing that any style of dictatorship would end their movement, are maneuvering with a view toward the 1976 presidential election. But any thoughtful Chilean can see that the deteriorating internal situation and the ever increasing economic dependence on foreign credits and favors (particularly from Argentina) not only threaten the unity of the armed forces but are also likely to resurrect the old yearning for a port on the Pacific in neighboring Argentina and Bolivia. Bolivia, where a military dictatorship has concentrated on strengthening its army, is considered a prime danger. □

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Lighthouses and Mosquitos

WILLIAM F RICKENBACKER

IN MY LAST LECTURE [*NR*, June 22] I beheaded the defenders of the Lighthouse Heresy and sowed salt on their carcasses, but I missed one. You will remember that I didn't swallow the notion that the free market can't provide such services as lighthouse-keeping; and I mentioned that such services have been provided, in actual history, by private insurance companies. The half-life of heretics is about four weeks, and up pops a carcass to remind me of Professor Tullock's excellent article in the May 1969 *American Economic Review*, where we learn that mosquitos are like lighthouse beams: a convenient argument for the intrusion of the social apparatus of compulsion and coercion.

Tullock sets before us a small town with a mosquito problem. He says the free market offers two choices: A homeowner can purchase a hand-spray, or he can hire an aerial spray plane. The hand spray costs $1, the aerial spray $50. The rest of the article is devoted to asserting that no one thinks it's worth fifty of his own dollars to get rid of the mosquitos in his own back yard, that just about everyone thinks it's worth 5 cents, that all one thousand citizens will fail to answer the call of duty if the nickel impost is voluntary, and that therefore the government must step in—for reasons of economic efficiency.

There is a startling omission in that discussion. It has to do with the town's treatment of the mosquito problem in the days before DDT. If the mosquito problem was so horrible that it is sufficient excuse to forge shackles on free men (for that is what Tullock says: It is an argument *for* government), then what impelled formerly free men to move into this infested slough in the first place? To ask the question is, I think, to answer it. The "problem" was not invented or discovered by the good citizens in the professor's small town. They are there, swatting and cussing away on a summer evening just as their grandpaps did before them, and in comes a College Professor to inform them that they have a problem and guess who has the solution. These are men who, by definition (i.e., if we accept all of the conditions implied by the few conditions Tullock states), have chosen mosquitos rather than government. In order to accept Tullock's conclusion we'll have to have some explanation for the intellectual volte-face he expects the community to make on this question.

To some extent Tullock faces this issue. He does observe that the newness of the problem is related to "technological" factors: Times change, new methods and instruments are invented, problems formerly thought insoluble become soluble, and things formerly deemed to be luxuries or conveniences now become "necessities." But—and here is the problem Tullock avoids—what sort of "necessity" is it that no citizen would pay fifty bucks for? It must be a luxury. But this suggests something we learn from economic history and theory: In the free market every innovation is first sold at "luxury" prices, and only when the successful innovations are produced in quantities for mass distribution does the price come down to the level that Tullock describes as "economic."

The most telling point Tullock makes is that we should distinguish between the cost reduction that flows from mass production, and the mass production that is seemingly imposed by geography. His wording is worth study: "The distinction between any economy of scale which can be obtained only if the customers are located next door to each other and an economy of scale which can be obtained without this type of contiguity is fundamental." Here "economy of scale" is used as a substitute for "low price." But it is also used as a substitute for "low cost." Tullock implies that the cost of aerial spraying is reduced if the government is the purchaser; whereas all experience would argue that the cost to the consumer would be higher any time the government serves as intermediary. The "economy of scale" would be unchanged if the town were sprayed by the act of a charitable foundation, a civic-minded tycoon, or a gesture by a social club. It's a flat fifty bucks for pilot, plane, and chemicals. The main argument against such "side effects" is seldom stated in complete terms. Tullock is content to make the simple statement: "If only one of them is paying for it, the others will receive a free ride." I ask: What's wrong with that, in a free society? And it's not quite so unusual as it is made to seem. Every small town west of the Hudson, and one or two to the east, have their "old families" that do more than their share. What would Flint be without Mott, or Bayport without the Andersens?

ANOTHER avenue deserves exploration. Tullock discusses "economy of scale" as something to be achieved if every citizen uses the government as intermediary. To be perfectly fair, he should compare this economy with the economy of scale to be achieved if every citizen is a potential buyer of an individual-sized good. He *assumes* that technological innovation will never reduce the price of a hand-spray to 5 cents. There is simply no basis for that assumption, is there? On the contrary, there is good reason to suppose that the intrusion of the government as purchasing intermediary will slow down the rate of technological innovation. Once the mosquito problem is "solved" by government action, there is no market incentive to reduce the $50 fee charged the government. In the long run, the government solution may be the worst choice available.

All very well on the theoretical level, you may say, but what's going to be done about those damned mosquitos? In the real world? In the real world, as everyone knows, mosquitos are controlled by airplanes hired by the local Chamber of Commerce. By the local association of Real Estate Brokers. By the local association of Hotel Operators. I thought everybody knew that. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

The Tragic Sense of Life

SPANISH IS the language of faith, and not of metaphysics. Yet the twentieth-century philosopher whom I have found most interesting is Miguel de Unamuno, altogether a Spaniard. His most moving book has just appeared in a new translation: *The Tragic Sense of Life in Men and Nations* (Princeton University Press).

The title itself is on the lips, or at least the typewriters, of a good many Americans who really would not relish Unamuno—if they understood him. That phrase is well explained by Mr. Anthony Kerrigan, the translator of this volume:

> For Unamuno, who invented the concept, it was illustrated by the truth, obvious to him, that "everything vital is not only irrational but anti-rational, and everything rational is anti-vital." Theoretically the tragedy lay in the excruciating balance between the equal, contradictory demands of reason and of vital feeling: an exquisite antinomy. But in practice, in his case, his heart tended to outbalance his head. Not to feel this tragic pull, this anguish of contradiction, not to live like an intellectual *desesperado*, a desperado of the mind and soul, not to feel the tragic sense of life, was not to feel at all, not to live life. For unless one sensed immortality, one already was a victim of mortality—and in fact already as good as dead.

In Spain, Unamuno was a skeptic and a liberal: but skeptical especially of rationalism, and liberal in that he set his face against totalism. *Desesperado* is not quite sufficiently signified by its English derivative: For such a one, to the orthodox Spaniards, is a man who has despaired of the operation of God's grace upon him—and therefore may as well be Cain. Unamuno's heart would not really permit Unamuno's mind to despair thus.

This is a book about the immortality of the soul—and of the body too. With strong Spanish individuality, Unamuno yearned after the life eternal: life as a person, as Miguel de Unamuno, *yo*. Without the resurrection of the body, Unamuno could not be Unamuno. In effect, Unamuno says of the doctrine of immortality what Samuel Johnson says of the doctrine of free will: All argument is against it, all necessity is for it. With St. Paul and St. Augustine, Unamuno declares that man is made for eternity. Proofs? There are no better proofs in logic than Plato's; the rest is revelation and faith.

He detested the rationalists who would annihilate hope. "There are people who seem scarcely content simply with not believing in another life, or rather in believing that there is none, but who are positively hurt and irritated that others should believe in such a life or even should wish for such a life to exist," he writes in this book. "This rationalist attitude is despicable, while the position of the man who strives to believe in another life—because he needs another life—and finds he cannot so believe is worthy of respect."

Salvador de Madariaga contributes an Introduction to this volume. "Historically, Unamuno must be counted as one of the chief pioneers of the worldwide rebirth of spiritual forces which set in during the nineteenth century," Madariaga says, "precisely as a reaction against the rationalistic atheism of that epoch." The rationalists and secularists, Unamuno cried, had set up a new inquisition; and it was they who had committed the mysterious sin against the Holy Ghost. What is that sin? In Unamuno's words, it "is none other than that of not desiring God, not longing to be made eternal."

Like Juliana of Norwich, in medieval England, Unamuno held that even seeming evil is ordained of God—and shall be eternal. "Yes, everything deserves to be eternalized," Unamuno puts it, "absolutely everything, even evil itself, for that which we call evil would lose its malignancy in being made eternal and thereby losing its temporal nature. For the essence of evil consists in its temporal nature, in the fact that it is not directed toward any ultimate and permanent end."

For Nietzsche's notion of eternal recurrence, Unamuno had only amused contempt: "But the sad fact is that I cannot remember any of my previous existences, assuming that it would be possible for me to remember any such thing, inasmuch as two things that are absolutely and totally identical are no more than one and the same." To recur, without memory or continuity, is no consolation. Unamuno corresponded with Ezra Pound, but not with T. S. Eliot; he died before the publication of Eliot's *Four Quartets*. It would have been very interesting to read the Spanish philosopher-poet on the Anglo-American poet-philosopher's understanding of the life eternal. For Eliot, immortality is not recurrence, but simultaneity: a concept of time that is Hebrew rather than Greek. That immortality arises from the Resurrection; it is the life eternal in Christ, and in that existence there is no demarcation of "before" and "after." Father Martin D'Arcy puts the doctrine into lucid prose. In eternity, the person is perfected:

> All experience would be at the tip of the fingers of mind, and so alive that the past could be counted as real as the present. . . . Nor need there be anything fantastic in supposing a body which is adapted to the new condition of the soul, a body which is a work of art of the soul and alive with its new supernatural energy and loveliness. . . . Memories will give up their dead and the past will live again in this fullness of life.

What D'Arcy describes is what Unamuno hungered for. Unamuno found his way out of Spanish orthodoxy's dogmas into a Catholicism of "the marrow," "wellspring of reflex actions." Eliot found his way out of a Unitarian boyhood into the dogmas of orthodoxy, and expressed that attainment in poetic images.

THE Spanish Republicans expelled Unamuno from his university; two months later, the Nationalists did the same thing to him. He died of apoplexy while arguing with a young Fascist. As much as any writer of our century, Unamuno attains immortality through his books; but he scoffed at that. Body and soul, united forever: *That* Unamuno demanded, and I pray he will not be disappointed. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Burials—I

They tell me there are no stray cats in Peking.

Hartsdale is the oldest. Graves slant down on sloped tiers: mezzanines, dress circles; the dead amphitheatered. Stone doghouses. Catnip mice. Toy bones scattered on the grave sites: a superfluity that, like carrying carbon monoxide to Motown. I wander amused. No marble fire hydrants anyway. A Lilliputian army of Sts. Francis, their pates poked through tonsures, tee shots in impossible lies. Mostly dogs; lots of cats. And on half the gravestones, color cameos: porcelain reproductions of photographs. Mimi with a two-pound ribbon, disgruntled. Fido wearing his doubleknit bathrobe. One toothy chimp in a group shot, master and mistress on either side, looking parental. Our son, the missing link. It's a four-star idea. I want a 6 x 8 glossy on my headstone. Figure it's going to be tough enough come Resurrection Day. Let the good Lord have a working blueprint: Fit my Tab A into my Slot B. Not that I mistrust omniscience.

And the unliving prose. Little Toby: "His muddie's constant pal for twelve years." Two examples of the Rover heresy. Wackie: "May she play in heaven forever." Graffen: "Will wag her loving self into paradise." Sh'boom, d. 1954, a dog from the era of white sweat sox and penny loafers. Schweppsie Weber: "Our little black rose." Sally and Toodles with a tomb larger than your average Paris pissoir. Pooch: "Tu seras éternellement dans mon coeur." Kurt: "Our sweet patient Roto-rooter." (A pet mole?) And a tomb of the unknown K-9, with bronze canteen and a bronze steel helmet, erected for "valiant services rendered in the World War." You could laugh.

I don't. The slow, rhythmic work of ovaries thwarted. Jerry: "Mommy's only baby." Cleo: "She put joy in my life." We are cruel to the sterile, as if fertility were a moral instance. Hartsdale has the careful presence of females: false pregnancies, false infant burials here. But there are men, too, and couples. The last name given: Grumpy Goldberg; Baby Blue Ribbon McArdle. It's not ethnic: Jewish stars and Virgin Marys bless evenhandedly. A matter of deep loneliness. The vital dates run between ten and 13 years: In that short time trust, friendship were established. Hercules, 1901-1913, "Never Forgotten," though the rememberers lie buried in another cemetery. If we are ephemeral, what are our small retainers? The adage goes, "Rich men have servants and servants have big dogs." We require indebtedness, dependence. It creates importance in us. To make a friend, borrow something. Dogs have the politeness to recapitulate our neuroses. I knew a man afraid of heights: two legs and four legs quivered together, crouching low. The pet is a Western institution. We regard dogless homes the way we regard an unmarried man: Strangeness, even perversions are assumed.

Aunt Cybelle is getting on. We have learned to make the bed around her. I've known Auntie longer than I've known my wife: She was my dowry. I remind my wife of this a lot. Auntie expends half-hours deciding whether to sleep the day right-sided or left-sided: Finally she comes down like a flipped coin. And she knits an art-nouveau hairball that is, well . . . exquisite: You don't get that kind of craftsmanship anymore. We still rope her to the mast when a siren electric can opener whines. There are four other cats, boarding-house reachers. They have destroyed more tuna than a poaching trawler. Auntie snores implacably. In the dawn light she goes off, a steam safety valve behind my ear. I rise rigid and afraid from a dream of locomotives. Yet, when my pulse is up, there are long resources of sleep and know-nothingness in Aunt Cybelle. It is a sweet depressant to watch her autonomous and full-nerved tail escape licking, as might the kitten that, spinstered, she never had.

There is a coffin showroom at Hartsdale. Posh cigar boxes: It's as if children had been playing at the death of dolls. I worry: Auntie is, in Eliot's phrase, "a twenty pounder or I'm a bounder." Unless she gets taken off by some wasting disease I'll need the cocker-spaniel size. My showroom lady tiptoes, her shoes whispering. "I don't know what it is—proteins, vitamins—but we're getting a lot of big cats." I get them all the time. "Nice mahogany, highly resistant to termites and decay. Redwood. Pine . . ." She forms a moue of distaste. I moue too. It's not the time to mention shrouds. "We have a concrete vault; it's better quality than they

Next time, **D. Keith Mano** *investigates people cemeteries. . . .* **Manuela Hoelterhoff** *is associated with the auction house of Sotheby-Parke Bernet.*

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make for humans. But we require a $120 endowment." It'd be fun trying to deduct that on my 1040.

I request a running tally. "Of course, sir. $100 for the plot. $80 for the large casket. $85 for your headstone. $35 for photograph cameo. $20 for the labor. $5 for perpetual care. That's annual. After three years of nonpayment the land and the remains return." "Return?" I gasp. "To me? The remains?" "No, the land returns to us. There is no religious ceremony. But we do process very solemnly." I add up: $325. "This is, ah—the rich are your clientele, I take it." She shakes her head. "No. Not at all. Perhaps once, before the World War. Ordinary people now. People on Social Security. Older people. Just people. An animal can come to mean a great deal."

I know the argument. How many earthquake victims relieved, trachoma cases cured for $325? You hear it as a catchphrase: The American people spend more for cat food than for —. It is smart, irrefutable, yet somehow there is a refutation. On the absolute scale of values human life and dog life cannot be balanced out. I presume there are no Hartsdales in Moscow; if there are even suburbs in Moscow. But there is a *quality* of human life, below which that life is no longer worth living, as there is a caloric intake below which life is impossible. We insist, it is a survival instinct, on certain gross luxuries of sentiment. "Muddie's constant pal." Foolishness. But it is an asset of our freedom to be, now and then, ludicrous, impractical. And, yes, selfish. □

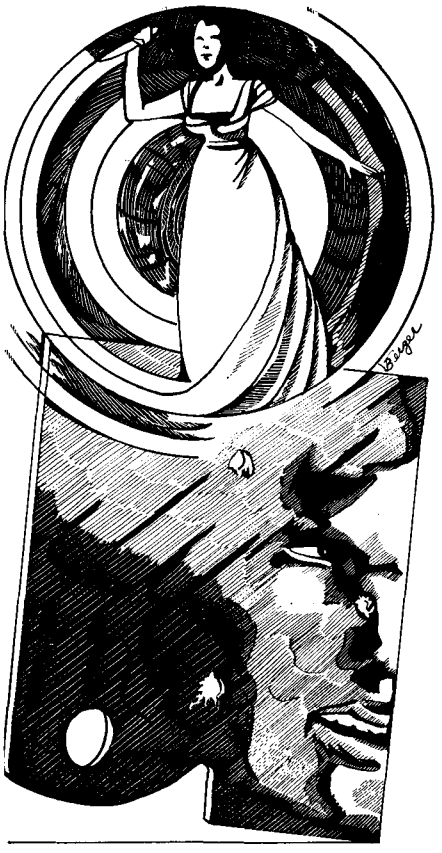
OPERA

MANUELA HOELTERHOFF

Tosca à la Bumbry

Unlike the earlier Verdi, Giacomo Puccini rarely drew on political subject matter for his libretti. *Tosca*, the one dramatic exception, was recently presented during the Metropolitan Opera's June Festival; now we know what the atmosphere was like in Rome, anno 1800, when Napoleon alternately lost and won in Italy against the reactionary Queen of Naples, Maria-Carolina.

Those were confusing times. While Floria Tosca, for instance, sings a triumphal cantata in the Palazzo Farnese, celebrating Napoleon's latest defeat, her lover, the painter Mario Cavaradossi, sings less happily next door, tortured by the police commissioner, Baron Scarpia, an upholder of the ancien re-



gime. Unlike apolitical Tosca, who lives for love and sings for all, Cavaradossi suffers from a sense of commitment to The Cause, personified at that time by the Corsican.

Thus the artist has joined the revolutionaries—presumably embarrassed by his wealth (his villa now serves as refuge for dissidents), by his station (he is a nobleman), and hopefully by the Crucifixion à la Greco he is painting. To his credit, he neither disowns nor elaborates on previous associations, such as that with Cesare Angelotti who is hiding in his private well. Indeed, learning of Napoleon's sudden victory at Marengo, he sings his approval on a high A-sharp, unfortunately with Scarpia still standing next to him.

Self-expression is summarily dealt with: An aria later, the painter is shot dead on the roof of the Castel Sant'Angelo. This aria, "E lucevan le stelle," came from Franco Corelli's supersized larynx, which, after some moribund performances last season, seems to be working at full capacity once again. He sang quite splendidly, rarely searching around for the proper pitch or slurping over consonants, two of his sometime afflictions.

As the stars disappeared and Corelli was rewarded with ear-shattering approval, Aurora came and brought along both Grace Bumbry, the Tosca, and a huge spotlighted green thing that settled itself near the castle's parapet, St. Peter's dome (I think).

Bumbry's presence on stage may have been as confusing as Rome's skyline to a few, since she only left the mezzo-soprano repertoire two years ago. Considering the number of sopranos whose ranges are decreasing, this upward surge is certainly laudable; her low heritage was noticeable only in some Santuzza-like sobs during "Vissi d'arte." As for the high notes, she hit every single one, but as yet there was little intuitive phrasing and a surprising absence of the emphatic personality that can build an entire aria or scene. This was not the fault of conductor Carlo Felice Cillario, who, accommodating as ever, even helped her get through the aria quickly, if not very poignantly. One can only hope that Bumbry's ascent above the staff will prove more ethereal next season.

VISUALLY she was more stimulating sweeping into Sant'Andrea in primavera-like orange and yellow, minus the roses, cane, and plumed hat—the unassailable symbols of past prima donnas. Of course, whether Floria Tosca would go anywhere, especially to church, without being dressed to the teeth and carrying trinkets for the Madonna is unlikely, but it was a fresh idea. Her attire is one of the few items still present from the 1968 Schenk/Heinrich collaboration, which is slowly disintegrating into a heavy-breathing, sloppily executed bore. Producer Schenk has his name misspelled in the program, while Tito Gobbi, the Scarpia, didn't even bother to wear the prescribed unusual brownish brocade costume, but brought along his own villainous black suit. He further underlined a most subtle approach to the role with a few humorless laughs and a tendency to bark. The cold suavity of a man who could muse "God has made many wines and women, I intend to enjoy them all" remained unrealized.

Bumbry dispatched him none too

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soon with the fruit knife, leaving him to flounder around the stage, presumably looking for the director. Then he died.

In the next act, so did Grace Bumbry, the first Tosca to commit suicide by jumping into St. Peter's Square. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Those Health Cookbooks

The latest fashion in cookbooks is for an author to hook up with a doctor or a reputable medical association. The resulting book gives reassurance that all will be well provided you follow the instructions—and that at the same time you can eat as deliciously as you've always wanted to, but most likely never have.

Thus do authors, doctors, and publishers cash in on the current health scares about cholesterol, low blood sugar, heart trouble, et cetera, while doing good at the same time. Usually the books come about because the author has had to cope with the specific health problem at which the book is aimed and could not find enough, or interesting enough, recipes to deal with the problem. All very good, including the desire to share the new-found knowledge, in a more or less evangelistic manner.

But a few things bother me. With occasional exceptions, the authors of these books are not properly trained nutritionists, just people with good will, but how much real technical knowledge? The recipes, generally speaking, cut out most eggs and the regular fats such as butter and cream, and substitute margarines and oils—usually in quantities smaller than in undoctored recipes. For the rest, familiar ingredients, both fresh and preserved, are used in recipes that, depending on the author, are more or less complicated.

All the books have a good deal of more or less clearly written information on cholesterol, heart disease, nutrient components of foods, and other technical matters. The weightier ones have introductions and endorsements by doctors; other books thank this or that doctor or association for their cooperation. What I would like to know is have the doctors really gone over the recipes one by one before lending their names and prestige? I don't say they haven't, I just don't know.

There is quite a diversity in the books as to what is allowed and what is not allowed in heart diets, yet they all promise good health. And which doctor do you believe? Carlton Fredericks, a controversial PhD prominent in nutrition, introduces Francyne Davis' *The Low Blood Sugar Cookbook* (Grosset & Dunlap, $6.95). His name would send many doctors running, but he has his followers. *Carol Cutler's Haute Cuisine for Your Heart's Delight* (Clarkson Potter, $6.95) has a foreword by Dr. Jean Mayer, Professor of Nutrition at Harvard, who is *en vogue* now and who has also been disputed (as have all doctors at one time or another). This book I personally consider a joke, because you may have good food when you replace butter and cream, the classic flavor ingredients of French cooking, with margarine and other polyunsaturated fats (they are never totally free of saturation) but you have something other than haute cuisine. Most of the recipes are so fussy as to be hardly worth preparing under these makeshift circumstances. Besides, not only the flavor but the texture of these faute-de-mieux dishes is not haute cuisine, if that is what you are after.

A real live doctor, Lawrence E. Lamb M.D., has also gotten into the act with *What You Need To Know about Food and Cooking for Health* (Viking, $10). Dr. Lamb has his picture splashed all over the back jacket (where is the professional shyness of yesteryear?) though I suspect, from the experience he describes in the book, that it was taken some time ago. The book uses a lot of figures and tables and is hard to follow. The doctor admires the many segments of the food industry that provide products conducive to good health (nonfat milk, sweet and sour cream substitutes) and he apparently can cook too, since he does not credit anybody for rustling up his recipes.

What is most interesting to me in all of these books is that no one raises the problem of hundreds of chemicals that go into more and more of our foods. Just read the labels on all those new wonder polyunsaturated margarines and low-cholesterol egg substitutes: They are a fine course in chemical formulas. Do they accumulate in the body, as strontium does? I have asked this question at several meetings that promoted the use of these new heart-saving products, but I have never got a straight answer from the tame doctors who sit on the podium with the manufacturers. Maybe there is no such build-up, but then why don't they say so? I begin to suspect that the natural- and health-food advocates have a lot on their side. I certainly find it interesting that I have never heard a specifically documented rebuttal of the claims for natural foods, except that they are "ridiculous." If any of my readers have answers to these questions, I really would like to have them.

I HAVE NOT tested the recipes in the following books, which seem to me among the best. Since they deal with the dreadfully serious subject of heart and other disease, I suggest that before using a specific one, it be shown to one's doctor—make him really look at it and take the responsibility for its use, since he will be the one to give help if things go wrong. Personally, I would stick to books produced by reputable associations because these have credibility to lose, as well as income, if they do not measure up to their promises. Would one of the doctors who have endorsed some of these books really respond if you wrote him that the recipes in the book he sponsored didn't do you good? This is up to you to decide. The books are listed in the order of interest.

The American Heart Association Cookbook. Recipes selected, compiled, and tested under the direction of Ruthe Eshleman and Mary Winston, nutritionists of the American Heart Association (David McKay, $7.95).

The Low Blood Sugar Cookbook by Margo Blevin and Geri Ginder; foreword by Herbert M. Goldman M.D. (Doubleday, $8.95). The authors worked with the Hypoglycemia Foundation.

The Jack Sprat Cookbook by Polly Zane, foreword by Dr. Campbell Moses, Medical Director of the American Heart Association (Harper & Row, $10.95). □

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BOOKS

The Truth about War

HARRY V. JAFFA

Young Winston's Wars: The Original Despatches of Winston S. Churchill, War Correspondent 1897-1900
Edited and with an Introduction and Notes by Frederick Woods
Viking, 350 pp., $8.95

In *My Early Life*, published in 1930, Churchill wrote that "the years 1895 to 1900 exceed in vividness, variety, and exertion anything I have known—except of course the opening months of the Great War." Here are the wars of those early years, as Young Winston experienced them, in all the vigor of youthful consummation. All the great Churchillian themes are present: war and peace, barbarism and civilization, empire and freedom. There was in Churchill, even from his early years, a Shakespearean response to life in its totality. He wanted to be where the action was, but he was no jingo or romanticizer. War was a part of life. It was that part in which the fates of empires, nations, and heroes—good and bad—were determined. And Churchill was determined to learn about it at first hand.

The editor of this collection has chosen two epigraphs, drawn from the writings themselves. The first is: "I have cared only to write what I thought was the truth about everybody." And the second: "War, disguise it as you may, is but a dirty, shoddy business, which only a fool would play at." Despite some opinions to the contrary, Churchill never played at war. There was about him, from the outset, far more of Prince Hal than of Hotspur. Young Winston, like Hal, knows that "rule shows the man," and that men rule, and are ruled, above all, in war. Therefore he who would tell "the truth about everybody" must discover the truth about war.

However evil a thing war might be, it was yet the place in which, more than any other, men's courage was tested and shown. And Churchill always admired courage above all other human qualities. In the dark days of World War II, his ability to pay tribute, with matchless eloquence, to those who had borne the battle was one of the great gifts of his leadership. Here is an example of the genre, which Churchill early raised to the level of art. There is in it not a touch either of exaggeration or false sentiment. We have instead a medallion, a permanent reminder of the fleeting moment of a life, of action, and of honor. The spirit of a man is captured in a few, brief lines, and a noble death made quaint and individual in the quiet, ironic beauty of the self-chosen epitaph from II Kings, 4, 26.

> I think this death of Major Childe was a very sad event even among the inevitable incidents of war. He had served many years ago in the Blues, and since then a connection with the Turf had made him not unknown and well liked in sporting circles. Old and grey as he was, the call to arms had drawn him from home and wife and comfort, as it is drawing many of all ages and fortunes now. And so he was killed in his first fight against the Boers after he had performed an exploit—his first and last in war—which would most certainly have brought him honorable distinction He had a queer presentiment of impending fate, for he had spoken to us of the chances of death, and had even selected his own epitaph, so that on the little wooden cross which stands at the foot of Bastion Hill—the hill he took himself and held—there is written: "Is it well with the child? It is well."

Who now reading these lines, even across the vast anonymous slaughter pens of the twentieth century, can forget Major Childe of Bastion Hill?

Of the three wars that are the subject of this book, two are waged against barbarians. Such a distinction is much against the temper of our times. The later Churchill would certainly have rejected the assumption of an implicit harmony between the progress of science and of civilization, which the young Victorian seems to make. Yet his outlook here has much in common with that of the Jefferson of the Declaration of Independence, who began by declaring the equality of all men, but ended by denouncing both "barbarous ages" and "merciless Indian Savages."

According to Young Winston, the rising on the Indian frontier was excited by "the hostility of the priesthood" whose "wealth and influence" depended upon the "extraordinary credulity of the people" which, in turn, was being undermined by the "civilizing, educating rule" of Great Britain.

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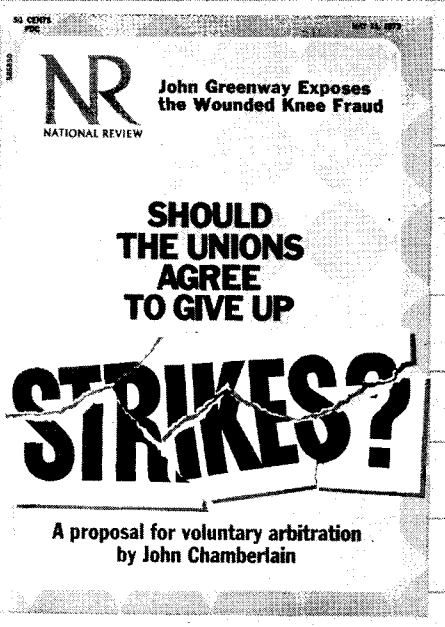
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RANDOM NOTES

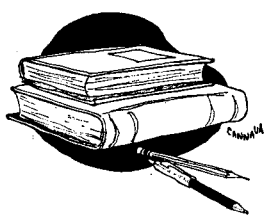
■ JUST OUT: *Washington Post*men Richard Harwood and Haynes Johnson team up for a quickie on *Lyndon* (Praeger, $6.95). . . . Norman O. Brown casts *Closing Time* in the form of a dialogue between James Joyce and eighteenth-century Italian philosopher Giambattista Vico (Random, $5.95). . . . On the centenary of her birth, Knopf reissues Willa Cather's novel *A Lost Lady* ($7.50). . . . Mailer's *Marilyn* (Monroe) has a lengthy text, over a hundred photos, and a fat $19.95 price tag (Grosset). . . . Maxwell Geismar pursues his (and the Left's) old romance in *Mark Twain and the Three R's: Race, Religion, Revolution—and Related Matters* (Bobbs-Merrill, $8.50). . . . Expanding her much discussed *New York* Magazine series, Gail Sheehy reports on *Hustling: Prostitution in Our Wide Open Society* (Delacorte, $7.95). . . . *NR* contributor Elspeth Huxley, Paul Hamilton, and Nathalie Ettinger sojourn in history *Exploring Africa and Asia* (Doubleday, $14.95) . . . Another warm one from Sam Levenson, *In One Era and Out the Other* (Simon & Schuster, $6.95).

■ FALL SPORTS BOOKS. George Plimpton is back on the gridiron, this time up front with Alex Karras and the other Lions behemoths in *Mad Ducks and Bears* (Random, $6.95). . . . Does Bobby Riggs have what it takes to become women's tennis champ? He and George McCann ponder this in *Bobby Riggs: Court Hustler* (Lippincott, Sept., $6.95). . . . Great linebacker Ray Nitschke tells his story to Robert H. Wells in *Mean on Sunday* (Doubleday, Sept., $8.95). . . . Hockey historian Brian McFarlane reviews *The Story of the National Hockey League* for Scribners (Sept., $7.95). . . . Don Shula is calling his story *The Winning Edge* (Dutton, Sept., $6.95).

■ PAPERBACKS. W. A. Swanberg's oversized Pulitzer-winning screed, *Luce and His Empire*, due from Dell in September ($1.95), as is Joan Blondell's novel, *Center Door Fancy* ($1.50). Also from Dell and just out, Bea Lillie's memoirs, *Every Other Inch a Lady* ($1.50). . . . Lavinia Ross has *A High Old Time* being a woman over sixty (Paperback Library, $1.95). . . . *NR* contributor Thomas Szasz collects some atrocities committed in the name of mental health in *The Age of Madness* (Anchor, $2.50). . . . *An Augustine Reader*, edited by John J. O'Meara, selects chronologically from the saint's voluminous writings (Image, $2.45). . . . *Memo from David O. Selznick* is one of the more revealing movie books (Avon, Sept., $1.95). . . . October is NAL's date for Joe Lash's *Eleanor: The Years Alone* ($1.95). . . . *Canaris* is an original by Charles Whiting on the German Secret Service in World War II (Ballantine, Oct., $1.50).

The filthy habits and unspeakable morals of the tribesmen could claim no right against the great structure of civilized law and government embodied in the British Empire. Notwithstanding their "odious vices," however, Young Winston "will yet ungrudgingly admit that [these same tribesmen] are a brave and warlike race."

SIMILAR remarks are made about the Dervishes of the Sudan. Although they too lived lives that were, in certain respects, of unutterable depravity, still they "were as brave men as ever walked the earth." Surveying the carnage of the field of Omdurman, he writes: "The conviction was borne in on me, that their claim beyond the grave in respect of a valiant death was as good as any of our countrymen could make." Since the Young, like the Old, Winston seems to have respected this claim, perhaps even above all others, the superiority of civilization to barbarism, in the decisive respect, is left surprisingly open to question.



Although the claim of the valiant comes close to being a Churchillian absolute, it is by no means clear that the conviction upon which it appears to rest is equally deserving of regard. When Churchill at one point registers his disgust at the mutilation of the corpses of their enemy by the tribesmen, he confesses that his revulsion has something irrational in it, as he does not really believe that harm can come to the dead. But Churchill respects myths consistent with human dignity, and is repelled by myths inconsistent with it. The ground of human dignity however is independent of the myths. He describes the ceremonies that accompany the remains of a soldier of a civilized power to the grave, above all "the triumphant words of the Funeral Service." These, he says, "divest the act of its squalor [and] the spectator sympathizes with, perhaps almost envies the comrade who has found this honorable exit." But the honor of the exit is itself different from the spectator's sympathy, even as the triumph of the Service is different from the squalor of the act.

We have, in the letters from the Sudan, the first reactions to Kitchener's brutal treatment of the defeated Dervishes. We can however anticipate Churchill's fury, because here is a British commander doing exactly the same degrading kind of thing that had horrified him when done by tribesmen or Dervishes. Here are some sentences concerning the destruction of the Mahdi's tomb that are not unworthy of the youthful disciple of Gibbon, Burke, and Macaulay. "This place had been for more than ten years the most sacred and holy thing that the people of Sudan knew of. Their miserable lives had perhaps been brightened, perhaps in some ways ennobled, by the contemplation of something which they did not quite understand, but which they believed exerted some protecting influence. It had gratified that instinctive desire for the mystic which all human creatures possess, and which is perhaps the strongest reason for believing in a progressive destiny and a future state."

It is not certain how strong is that "strongest reason." The British Empire seems at this juncture to fulfill the same kind of specifications for providential patronage that, according to Dante and others, had earlier been met by the Roman Empire. And Churchill seems to be demanding a policy of imperial toleration of alien gods similar to that of the Augustan Age. He has an imaginary correspondent presume to defend the destruction of the tomb, on the grounds that the Mahdi was, after all, only a false prophet. But, Churchill responds, that only means that *you* do not believe him. " 'False' is the epithet which all religious sects have applied to all others since the beginning of things." To find a politically intelligible *via media* between the opposing evils of mere skepticism and mere credulity was an enterprise upon which the Young Churchill was engaged with utmost seriousness. →

Harry Jaffa *teaches at Claremont Men's College in California. . . .* **John Simon** *is movie critic for* The New Leader. *. . .* **Charles Nicol** *is a literary critic in Brazil, Indiana. . . .* **John Coyne** *sometimes wishes he were Kerouac. . . . So does* **Pat Coyne**.

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The Boers were challengers of the Empire of an entirely different order of dignity. At moments, Churchill shows a romantic attachment to them, not unlike that which he obviously felt for Lee and Jackson, when he studied the American Civil War. He admired their independence and their skill, "moving like the wind, and supported by iron constitutions and a stern, hard, Old Testament God." On the night of his capture, as he lay wet and cold, and heard them sing their evening hymn, a chill was struck in his heart, "so that I thought after all that the war was unjust, that the Boers were better men than we, that Heaven was against us. . . . " But morning, and the sun, brought better—or more optimistic—thoughts. In retrospect, Young Winston's escape from the Boers—here described for the first time, although not with the circumstantial detail of later accounts—takes on symbolic meaning. Both Churchill and the Empire were to escape, and the enemies he held in such regard were to become comrades in far greater and more deadly conflicts.

This review would be misleading, if it were to seem that the thoughts we have selected for notice were all in the foreground. This is a narrative of actions, above all the actions of men in battle. But he who would command men in battle must come to terms with death, which means laying hold upon a purpose in life which can sometimes be fulfilled only by that "honorable exit." These despatches are a priceless starting point for the study of the education of perhaps the greatest leader "into battle" that the world has seen. □

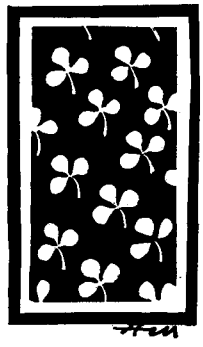
Unholy Fools: Wits, Comics, Disturbers of the Peace
By Penelope Gilliatt
Viking, 373 pp., $10

GENTEEL RAZZLE-DAZZLE

JOHN SIMON

Penelope Gilliatt has brought out a collection of her film and drama reviews chiefly from *The New Yorker* and some of the more high-toned British weeklies under the curious title *Unholy Fools*, and the explanatory subtitle *Wits, Comics, Disturbers of the Peace*. She is, clearly, more at ease with comedy, and the book contains at least a half-dozen disquisitions on the nature of farce, each more or less contradicting the others. But serious stuff can be brought in under the catchy catch-all, "Disturbers of the Peace," which Miss Gilliatt herself prefers not to be: One is almost halfway into her book before the first really damning review appears. Except in the occasional profiles and recollections of beloved children's books, which are open love letters, Miss Gilliatt generally espouses the tone of our glossiest magazines: the *via media* between delicate sensibility and unabashed pizzazz. As a contriver of genteel razzle-dazzle, she is just about tops.

Of course, she is a fiction writer first of all, not the least when she is writing criticism. At its best, this yields a lively, imaged style and a bustling rhythm; at its worst, it means that she is rewriting, reinventing a play or movie in her mind—certainly the things she says about *Desperate Characters* or *Petulia*, for instance, though pretty enough in themselves, have precious little to do with what happens on screen. To the characters in such films she will ascribe motives, experiences, behavior—even articles of clothing or jewelry—that are of her very own coining. Yet it is her style that is often most disturbingly fictional, because it is the style of bad fiction. Miss Gilliatt will rely heavily on extended metaphors and similes, sometimes even tropes within tropes, that are far-fetched, over-elaborated, and exceedingly hard to follow.



Thus "the Woody Allen comic character . . . left to himself . . . would lie on his back and play with a yo-yo, which is a very difficult thing to master, or look at a nude magazine in the spirit of besotted awe about the professionalism of the beloved, like a dumb sweetheart mooning over a book of her fiancé's calculus." The imagery here, like that original Penelope's web, is constantly unraveled and rewoven, leaving the readers in the roles of the bewildered, frustrated suitors. Of the characters in a Gogol play we learn that "their anxiety is totally inert, a sensibility that is almost submerged in an unstirring pool of Slav warm temperament, like the one emergent eye of a hippopotamus cooling off underwater." How a Nilotic hippo could cool itself off in a pool of Slavonic warm temperament, and how such a warm temperament can be totally inert, and how indeed an anxiety comes to be a sensibility, are conundrums beyond my ability to unriddle.

Miss Gilliatt's metaphors are the main carriers of her humor, but carriers that often miscarry—as when Feydeau's farce, *A Flea in Her Ear*, "is like a deckle-edged Greek tragedy with an RSVP at the end of it," which may once have meant something to God, but can now have meaning only for its author. Such witty images are rather like the humor of a poet in one of Miss Gilliatt's own short stories, which "seemed entirely immobile," expressing "no energy in any direction." The author will, moreover, fall in love with her own clevernesses and repeat them: On page 54, two friends "chat by laminating two monologues"; on page 203, we read about "dialogue more like two monologues laminated." She seems, in fact, enamored of the word "laminating" to the point of aberrancy: *No More Excuses* is said to be edited "with a slapping rhythm to it like the timing of a skilled sandwich-maker laminating bread and innards and mayonnaise in a drugstore at lunchtime." I will take one of those with mayo, but hold the metaphor.

Even without metaphors, in mere exposition, Miss Gilliatt can be impenetrable. "The prisoners . . . spend a lot of time emptying the cesspool, and the impulse that makes one of them disappear to add to it in the interest of making the job more his own is . . . very funny" is a statement guaranteed to make no sense to anyone who has not seen *The Elusive Corporal*, to which it refers. But when we are told that Fellini in *The Clowns* "catches the look of loss on a million faces, and, beyond that, a kind of felicity," even those of us who know the film may read this with a look of loss.

Often Miss Gilliatt means the opposite of what she seems to be saying: When she writes that "many precedents . . . are to be laid at Mr. Simpson's door," this ominous-sounding phrase turns out to be a compliment; when we are told that the butts of music-hall

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jokes are male, this does not mean that men are being ridiculed but that what is laughed at is what men find ridiculous—most often women. It may, of course, be useless to expect clarity from a writer who will have a woman "begetting" a child, will use "who" for which, "wrack" for rack, "self-deprecation" for self-depreciation, "imbecilic" for imbecile, "anxious" for eager, "aggravate" for irritate, "inchoate" for chaotic, and will fall into the pleonasm of "false disguises," the jargon of "identify with" and "intrigued by," the vulgarism of "incredibly bad," and the sheer ungrammaticalness of "prevent him staying" and "stop him enjoying."

But what of Miss Gilliatt's critical acumen? She has a penchant for the solemnly proclaimed platitude: "Like all Shakespeare's greatest plays, *Henry IV* is immensely complex and also very simple"; or "nearly every . . . Russian play . . . includes one character that is unmentioned in the cast list, and that is Russia herself"—a discovery that would be more impressive if it applied to nearly every Flemish or Bolivian play. There is also the fake aphorism: "A lot of good work is cheek"; and the fake discovery: "Concealment of one kind or another characterizes a lot of American humor—W. C. Fields concealing his booze and his bank accounts, and Groucho Marx his terror of Margaret Dumont, and Laurel and Hardy their fear of being only two, and Lenny Bruce his panic at the way [of] the world . . ." where some of the propositions are the openest of secrets, and some of them so well concealed that only Miss Gilliatt's eye—or imagination—could ferret them out.

MENTION must be made also of Miss Gilliatt's cuteness, as when she tells us that "*Thark* . . . is a title of genius: better than *Henry IV, Part I*, when it comes down to brass tacks"; of her inappropriate short-story writer's trick of ending a review with an insignificant detail, a dying fall; of her unfortunate ordering of the pieces in this book not chronologically or geographically or generically, but by some artificial scheme so befuddled as to make the discussions of later works by Kubrick and W. C. Fields, for instance, precede those of the earlier ones. There is also the gushy tendency to hero worship, as when all things become different in Jean Renoir's presence, or Max Ophuls is equated with Beckett and his gimcrack *Lola Montès* described as "immortally pacifying"—whatever that means. Then, too, there is the need to show off, as when the title *Putney Swope* reminds Miss Gilliatt of the Middle English words *mukel swink*, which is stretching parallelism to the vanishing point. Such ostentation is not even backed up by genuine erudition: We read about "the Gorgon," when, in fact, there were three, one of whom was *the* Medusa, whom our author means; and though Miss Gilliatt prides herself on her French, she writes *folie de grandeur* for *folie des grandeurs*.

But at least her criticism has, in one case, inspired her fiction. The statement in a 1965 review that Brecht "had the courage to find nothing better than anything" becomes in her screenplay for *Sunday Bloody Sunday*: "There are times when nothing *has* to be better than anything." So for those of you who liked that movie, Miss Gilliatt's criticism may, after all, not have been a total waste. □

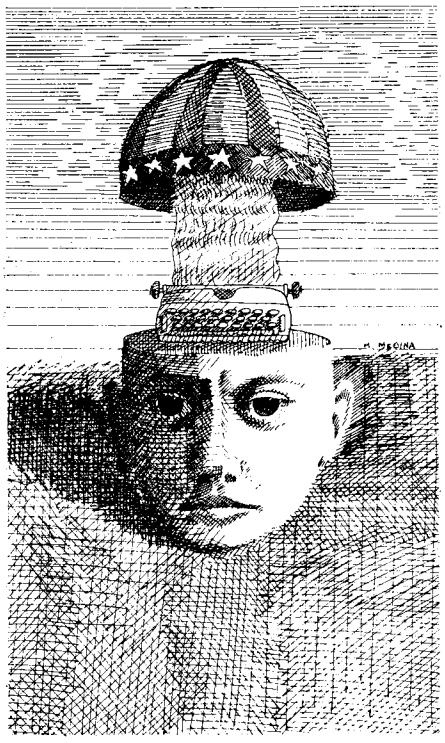
Bright Book of Life: American Novelists and Storyteller from Hemingway to Mailer
By Alfred Kazin
Little, Brown, 334 pp., $8.95

SURVEY, NOT HISTORY

CHARLES NICOL

Attempting an all-inclusive look at important American fiction from the Thirties to the present, Alfred Kazin necessarily leaves out as much as he puts in, and his chapters seem dubious attempts to organize his sure opinions about certain authors into larger views about literary trends. The study should have been restricted to those authors on whom Kazin could expand indefinitely in his aphoristic, mildly rhetorical but extremely attractive style. Where he is best he is eternally quotable, sewing up the heart of his author with stitch after perfect stitch.

Unfortunately however, Kazin apparently thought of this book as an objective history of recent fiction, as though such a thing were possible to write. His opinions rarely surprise—one has the feeling that he is suppressing his personal enthusiasms, deliberately calculating the number of pages



due each author according to contemporary standards and awarding no more, no less. He describes the writing of J. F. Powers as "quietly brilliant" in one place and calls him a "fine and undemonstrative contemporary" in another, yet Powers receives only one paragraph plus one extra sentence of commentary; if he is indeed as good as Kazin suggests, and his only problem in the literary world is that he is "quiet" and "undemonstrative," then surely Kazin should be doing a little noisy demonstrating for him here. One wonders if this critic has the courage of his convictions. There are of course no literary "discoveries" here.

So in general Kazin is both safe and sound. His only major errors are the large part he assigns Norman Mailer and the way he organizes his authors into chapters. We have division by gender, race, and region in the chapters on writers who are women, Jews, and Southerners. We do not have chapters on black authors, writers from California, Catholics, homosexuals, etc., although all these would be equally possible. We have distinction by subject in the chapter on war novels, and distinction by viewpoint in the chapter on "Absurdity as a Contemporary Style." In this ungainly and pointless division of contemporary writing into horses, tables, and anything that flies, Kazin gives extended discussions of Norman

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Mailer in three different chapters, while Kurt Vonnegut comes under the heading of war novels and both William Styron and James Baldwin are grouped under the nonfiction novel. You figure it out.

Kazin's other real critical error is to assume that a dominant author's voice is the major indication of a successful fiction. Thus he admires Susan Sontag's writing for the worst possible reason, because "we do not experience a novel; we experience her readiness to see what she can think of next." Thus Norman Mailer's "fantasies and ideas broke into the texture of every fiction he now wrote—and one remembered these books" apparently "not because these books communicated themselves as novels, but because they didn't." It is clumsy sleight of hand rather than brilliant paradox to admit something has failed and then label it a success.

Kazin admires the strident authorial voice apparently as a reaction against the kind of fiction admired when he went to graduate school—especially the cool, anonymous, ironic stories of Katherine Anne Porter. "These stories were commonly cited, especially in English departments, as 'simply the best stories ever written in America,' and under the scriptural eye of the New Criticism in the Forties and Fifties were contentedly analyzed as the last word in form, style, and moral tone." But as refreshing as Kazin's attitude must have been a few years ago, today he is the one out on the limb, stuck with the pretense that authors are more interesting than books and that in consequence a writer's importance may be directly measured by his publicity.

After beginning with a nice essay on Hemingway, this study ends with a nice summary of Nabokov. One wonders occasionally if Kazin is partially misled even here, since Nabokov should be admired for the total control of his art and instead we hear that "he is the one twentieth-century master novelist whose mind and heart we know best—whose every personal opinion we know better than we have ever known Joyce and Proust." This totally misses the point.

But Kazin has his own point to make, one certainly worth discussing. He began the book by noting that "Hemingway attempted that absolute identification of life with literature, in the name of precision of feeling, that was the hallmark of the moderns." And he ends with a similar and equally sound observation: "So, with Nabokov, we come back to something that everyone else has doubted: the indissolubility of life with fiction." The point is true enough, and marks both these writers as great. But Kazin is wrong to assume that an entire book of criticism should separate them, wrong to assume that an entire epoch separates them. After all, fellow historians of literature, Hemingway and Nabokov were born the same year. □

FICTION

Surfacing
By Margaret Atwood
Simon & Schuster, 224 pp., $6.95
The Holiday Friend
By Pamela Hansford Johnson
Scribners, 254 pp., $6.95

FURRY BABIES AND INDISCRETIONS

PATRICIA S. COYNE

Margaret Atwood's first novel, *The Edible Woman*, depicted Female as fodder for a masculine society. In *Surfacing*, a few years later, Female—different name but similarly archetypal—wrestles with the Nature Gods. Miss Atwood has left off the passé practice of politicizing personal problems and is now supernaturalizing them.

The leap, taken now with increasing abandon, is from politics to magic, and yesterday's garden-variety women's libber today sings songs to the sprouting corn.

Miss Atwood's heroine, urban and world-weary, returns with three unsavory hippie types to her childhood home in the Canadian wilderness to look for her missing father. Instead, she finds pieces of wilderness real estate that give her special powers and, ultimately, truth in the Yaqui sort of way.

Insight pops out of the ground like poplars and everyone sprouts an aura. The heroine sheds her clothes, "peeling them away from her flesh like wallpaper," and scampers into the woods to hunt berries. She is careful, as she copulates, to keep the moon on her left: "The baby will slip out as easily as an egg, a kitten, and I'll lick it off and bite the cord, the blood returning to the ground where it belongs; the moon will be full, pulling. In the morning I will be able to see it: It will be covered with shining fur, a god, I will never teach it any words."

Still, as the heroine notes, "From any rational point of view I am absurd . . . ," and the author slips in sufficient evidence of simple nervous breakdown to satisfy any middle-aged believer in psychoanalysis. But, she continues, "there are no longer any rational points of view," and Miss Atwood adds enough hard-core paganism to sell the paperback on campus.

It's a trendy book and it needn't have been. The author has ample talent to work far beyond the current season. Her prose, honed and sharpened by five previous volumes of poetry, is beautifully precise and evocative. Her theme, humanity's place in the natural scheme, is ambitious. Her sense of character and place is exact. Yet Miss Atwood has not risen above transient current enthusiasms, and in fifty years *Surfacing* will have all the pull of *Prudence of the Parsonage*—unless, of course, youth is again riding another wave of pagan worship. Depressing possibility.

Still, some things remain constant, and a certain kind of British novelist with an impeccable ability to induce boredom is a case in point. Faculty members squabble, lovers suffer amnesia, whole civilizations are threatened with extinction from radioactive fallout, but through it all the prose is uniformly controlled, the pace languid. Rules are observed, boundaries drawn, and the rules and boundaries are so right, so natural, that the author almost convinces us that his work reflects life. People may go mad occasionally, but there's never any talk of licking off furry babies. They might murder one another, and in fact we rather get to count on it. But we can take comfort from the certainty that they'll not undress in front of us. And where else are they offering assurances like that these days?

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C. P. Snow is one of the best of this school. Pamela Hansford Johnson, his wife, is another. *Holiday Friend* is set at a seaside resort near Brussels, to which a coed pursues a middle-aged professor for whom she nurses an unreciprocated passion. The novel is comfortable, despite the incredible ending designed to evoke terror, but there's just a hint of a flaw. The characters are a bit too casually conversational about . . . well . . . certain bodily functions. Mind you, no one actually commits an indiscretion. But one thing leads to another. I advise caution. □

Kerouac: A Biography
By Ann Charters
Straight Arrow, 419 pp., $7.95

LIVING A LEGEND

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

There's a Kerouac revival on, and those of us from the Fifties who know he spent his last days avidly reading *NR* claim him for our side. Thus, this book, written by someone who obviously plays on the other team, makes a negative initial impression.

First comes awful Allen Ginsberg, chanting about Kerouac in the foreword as "American lonely Prose Trumpeter of drunken Buddha Sacred Heart." Aargh.

Then the author chimes in, telling us in the introduction that "in 1970 my husband, daughter, and I left the United States after the Cambodian invasion to move to Sweden as a personal protest against the Vietnam war."

AND FINALLY, a call to San Francisco to find out what Straight Arrow Books is all about. You dial the Straight Arrow number. "*Rolling Stone*," answers an operator. Enough to bring on Lonely Reactionary Literary Heartburn.

But hold the antacid. It's not needed after all, for this is a splendid biography. The prose is lucid, the pace novelistic, the characters fully and sympathetically drawn, the whole book glowing with the almost annoyingly decent personality of its author. Mrs. Charters is just plain *nice*. A horrid word, I know, but I can't find a better. And she is also a first-rate writer who deserves the ultimate compliment: After this one, no other biography of Kerouac is necessary.

Kerouac, Mrs. Charters shows us, was a driven man, a compulsive worker who wrote drunk, stoned, or sober, as he desperately pursued an elusive vision of himself across the country he loved. There is the confused sexuality, treated by Mrs. Charters with honesty and understanding; the oddly unpleasant relationship with his mother; the suicidal drinking; and the failure to produce the sort of work he wanted to produce.

The problem of distinguishing between an author's life as he lived it and as he created it in his works is always a complex one, especially when the author becomes a legend and symbol, as Mrs. Charters puts it, "for a generation of readers whose life he had touched."

The problem is there, for instance, with Hemingway or Fitzgerald. But with Kerouac it is especially troublesome, for he left us no perfect book, no *Gatsby* or *Farewell to Arms*. Mrs. Charters understands this, and I think her judgment is precisely right. To those who grew up in the Fifties, Kerouac "became a romantic hero, an archetypical rebel, the symbol of their own romantic legend. He never understood this. . . . But as he wrote it down, the legend became, finally, the only reality his life had." To appreciate the life, it is necessary to respond to the legend. And to enjoy the novels themselves, it is necessary to read them as chronicles in the unfolding of the legend, rather than as works in themselves.

There are some things in Mrs. Charters' biography worth quibbling over. "His friends had known for years that he was a conservative follower of William Buckley," she tells us, but she doesn't understand *why*, doesn't understand that his deep love for America made it impossible to acknowledge the old New Left as heir to the legend he created. And although Kerouac deeply distrusted Allen Ginsberg, Ginsberg comes off too well here—cause for suspicion, since the book relies heavily on his recollections.

But then, Mrs. Charters is a lady who writes disparagingly about no one, and the flaws are minimal. What is important is that she has painted a beautifully drawn portrait of a complex man who captured the imagination of a generation. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GENERAL DANCED AT DAWN, *by George MacDonald Fraser (Knopf, 205 pp., $5.95)*. The exuberantly contrived "high jinks" of a Scottish regiment in the Near East and North Africa, returning home after World War II. Its gladiators seem dourly unaffected by the alien cultures they pass through. Their exploits (the challenges to an unbeatable touring regimental football team; marathon drinking bouts; a laboriously executed Highland dance; raffish misadventures on a disoriented express train) are militantly national in character. Fraser salutes the preservation of forms (military rituals, chest-thumping legends) under even outlandishly foreign conditions. His insistent emphasis on clannish camaraderie might be more moving were his plots less weak and predictable (a cloud of clumsy plot-dust announces the advance of every intended surprise), and were moments of modest truthfulness not bluffly outshouted by a tone of unconvincing heartiness. There is an entertaining contrast (apparently, alas, unintended) between the soldiers' rough and ruddy Scots vernacular and the conventional (though somewhat gasping, and over-managing) English idiom of their engagingly paranoid greenhorn Lieutenant MacNeill, who narrates. But this is a ragged assembly of narrative bits and pieces impersonating an organized whole. It is raw material that hasn't been whipped into shape, and it shouldn't be paraded forth as a book.

B. ALLEN

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, *edited by Barry Feinberg (Simon & Schuster, 349 pp., $9.95)*. Bertrand Russell had many talents, but writing fiction was not one of them. If an elegant prose style and an idea for a plot were enough, these stories would be worth reading; but stories are about people, and, while Russell knew a good deal about human nature in the abstract, he was incapable of creating a believable character. His people are cardboard figures who all talk exactly alike, regardless of sex, education, or social position, and whose only function, despite Russell's claim that "I should be very sorry if it were supposed that the stories are meant to point a moral or illustrate a doctrine," is precisely to point a moral or illustrate a doctrine. The few pages of nonfiction in this book—factual anecdotes about Russell's friends and family, Russell's corrective to history, an auto-obituary—are quite readable; but, as for the fiction, I can't imagine any publisher touching it had its author been less prestigious than Bertrand Russell.

L. BRIDGES

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TULLOCK
(Continued from page 831)

1972 and running a correlation would show that unemployment compensation would match up better than the standard fiscal and monetary variables with the degree of unemployment.

It has always seemed a little odd to me that the West European countries and, for that matter, Japan had so little unemployment in the post-1945 period. The theory that their macro policy was more aggressively Keynesian than the United States' seemed absurd (particularly in the cases of West Germany and Japan). Nevertheless, low unemployment was characteristic of all of these economies. It is my opinion that what actually happened is that their minimum unemployment insurance had, in essence, been reduced to an unattractive value by inflation, with the result that no one was much affected by it. The fact that they had very little in the way of minimum-wage requirements (and, in the case of England, none at all) probably helped also.

If this explanation of unemployment is correct, the results would, indeed, be ironic. It would imply that the long, high unemployment in the 1930s was, to a large extent, the *result* of the very extensive measures undertaken by many governments to provide relief for the unemployed. The remedy was actually the cause. The initial burst of unemployment in the Thirties can be put down to the Alchian effect; the continuation of it may have been the result of the unemployment-compensation measures available.

As I said above, all of this is a hypothesis for which no empirical testing has yet been undertaken. If the hypothesis turns out to be correct, then it has policy implications, but they are not as strong as might be suspected. It would be perfectly possible to argue that our present rates of welfare are proper and that we wish to give people a minimum utility level resulting from the combination of the present welfare payment and resulting leisure. With this set of preferences, the basic policy recommendation would simply be that we worry less about unemployment. On the other hand, it might be that with the demonstration that unemployment is caused by the unemployment-relief system, we might decide to modify that system in order to provide more employment and a lower utility floor. The ultimate decision, then, would be a matter of values, not of science. ☐

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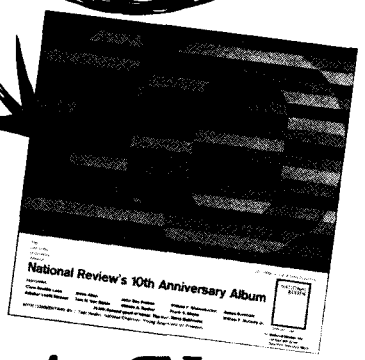

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tertainment I enjoyed it and agreed with content and conclusions but why so dignify (and probably salaciously gratify) Mr. Wills and Mr. Wills's ego? Six pristine blank pages might better serve, for that is the impact Mr. Wills manages to effect. Regulated lack of reason and rampant emotionalism can't even arouse righteous wrath, just annoyance (mannered, regulated annoyance).

Kimberton, Pa. MRS. OLAN B. LOWREY

While I enjoyed M. J. Sobran Jr.'s perceptive article on Garry Wills, I am not quite sure I see the point in NATIONAL REVIEW's making such a to-do (cover feature yet!) over Wills's current bid for eccentricity. I do not know Garry Wills personally, but I have made it a point to read him closely ever since his emergence with "*Time*style" back in *NR*'s butcher-paper days, and the vanity implicit in his writing has no more business being made a point of (on such a grand scale) than, say, the vanity implicit in William F. Buckley Jr.'s writing. The image of the "newborn Garry Wills" is funny—but rather violent and, I think, quite inaccurate.

Mr. Sobran (who, incidentally, writes vaguely like the old Garry Wills and presumably writes with some affection for his subject) leaves the reader with a distinct impression that the new Garry Wills is trashing. But I prefer to think the new Garry Wills is simply doing what he has done since he entered the limelight: thrashing. Thrashing about for some sort of hold on what his voracious accumulation of erudition and free-lancing experience has netted him. He understands and appreciates the fine sense of orthodoxy that Chesterton conveyed. But as he pointed out obliquely in an offhand dig at Malcolm Muggeridge in *Bare Ruined Choirs*, he cannot simply use orthodoxy as a stick with which to beat the modern world. Which explains to me, at least, why he outgrew NATIONAL REVIEW, even as he outgrew the limitations imposed on his talent by the classical journals, and even as he will, sooner or later, outgrow the adolescent tergiversations of the New Left. The man is irrepressible. Just let him be, watch him grow, and enjoy him.

San Jose, Calif. JOHN R. DUNLAP

All very well, but having outgrown the Bible, what then? —ED.

. . . Garry Drunk

After reading the article by M. J. Sobran Jr. on the volte-face of Garry Wills, I thought he would be amused by a parallel in the life of William James.

Over ninety years ago, James wrote an article, "On some Hegelisms," in which he painstakingly and brilliantly took apart some of Hegel's key logical fallacies. In a remarkable footnote to this article he described a subsequent experience of intoxication with nitrous oxide which temporarily turned him around completely. He wrote that the first result of this gas "was to make peal through me with unutterable power the conviction that Hegelism was true after all, and that the deepest convictions of my intellect hitherto were wrong."

This quotation apparently offers little hope of successfully "appealing from Garry drunk to Garry sober," as Sobran puts it. However telling the arguments in his article (not the least of which are made by the Ghost of Garry Past), we might as well face the fact that Wills feels more "authentic" in his current frame of mind: "The keynote of the experience," wrote James, "is the tremendously exciting sense of an intense metaphysical illumination. Truth lies open to the view in depth beneath depth of almost blinding evidence . . . I have sheet after sheet of phrases dictated or written during the intoxication, which to the sober reader seem meaningless drivel, but which at the moment of transcribing were fused in the fire of infinite rationality."

James was eventually able to shake off the effects of the gas and even strengthen his case against Hegel. Wills's intoxicator, whatever it is, is somewhat less acute but, alas, much more lasting.

PETER J. NYIKOS
Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.

CCCC Attacks . . .

In his "Reelings and Writhings" [June 22] Geoffrey Wagner not only attributed the meeting he attended to the wrong organization, but he grossly misrepresented both. It wasn't the annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English (NCTE) that he went to in New Orleans, but the Conference on College Composition and Communication (CCCC). Although connected with NCTE, CCCC is an independent organization. →

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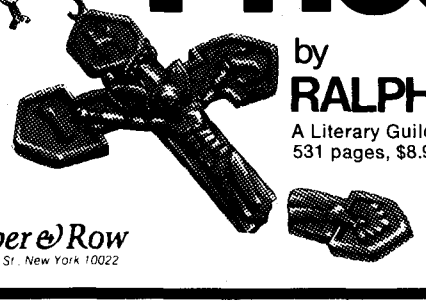

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[Raymond "Rube"] Bressler [quoted] in [The] Glory of Their Times.

Do you remember the three men on third? . . . Fewster . . . made it to third, so that as Vance came back to third Fewster was already there. . . . Babe Herman just kept on going as fast as he could. . . . As Vance slid *back* to third, and Fewster stood *on* the base, Babe slid *into* third from the second-base side!

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Mr. Wagner missed altogether the nature of CCCC and the purpose of its convention. CCCC is an open forum, by its nature an untidy thing. Chiefly it is a gathering of twelve hundred (give or take three hundred) people not only employed in, but committed to, teaching English in undergraduate programs. They meet each year to share what they've learned, to find out what others are doing, to hammer out how these relate to the needs of their students and of the society we serve, and to argue lustily about whether or not they should so relate.

Another thing that makes me wonder how seriously Mr. Wagner attended the CCCC meeting is his gross overstatement that it "dwarfs" MLA. (When both have a good year, CCCC gathers maybe one-eighth the number of people MLA does.)

Mr. Wagner built to his final point deliberately and dramatically. In a public meeting, he said, he asked "a dean" (whose speech was entitled "Together in Harlem") what the dean expected of PhDs in literature. The dean replied, "You've got to recycle yourselves." The closing sentences invite readers to recoil from that mechanistic metaphor.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wagner concealed the deeper sting he probably felt. He was told in public, since he invited that public statement, that he risks obsolescence. And he was told that not just by any dean, but by the Associate Dean of Humanities at CCNY, Mr. Wagner's own dean. I understand why Associate Professor Wagner reels and writhes. It would have been fairer if he'd told us all why.

ROBERT F. HOGAN
Executive Secretary-Treasurer
Urbana, Ill. CCCC

. . . Wagner Defends

The wrong battle but the right war, eh? I duly grovel. As all my correspondence came to me headed NCTE and I got to approximately the right place, I must be pardoned a *lapsus acronymis*. Whatever it was, it was a mess.

The body of Bob Hogan's charge gives me an opportunity to indulge in my favorite exercise, quoting myself. I wrote: "There is genuine concern about every aspect of English teaching, from hiring to firing, from techniques of classroom management to how to cross disciplines and survive."

Finally, the learned Dean thinks me "obsolescent." So what?

I think he's obsolescent and I thought so first. Most deans, sui generis, are, and that doesn't include all college presidents. And it doesn't exclude all college presidents, either. What is a mere associate professor supposed to do? Brush back the tears and get on with education, I guess. Anyway, I'm not an associate professor. Not yet, at any rate. I'm a full professor. Full of something, so they tell me at meetings like the four Cs of the NCTE.
New York, N.Y. GEOFFREY A. WAGNER

BURNHAM

(Continued from page 830)

the Lisbon ceremonies and a Portuguese delegation in London, led by Premier Marcello Caetano. Caetano's arrival in Britain was long ago scheduled for July 16. The Hastings story appeared, thus, just a week before the scheduled arrival. It was only a few hours after publication that the Labor Party demanded cancellation of the Caetano visit, and entered a non-confidence motion when Prime Minister Heath refused.

It is not clear from the twentieth-century record that atrocities are an effective tactic, but there is no doubt at all about the effectiveness of anti-atrocity campaigns. □

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On The Right

Is It All Over?

New York, July 16—A shrewd observer in these parts says about Watergate that it is all over. I am not committed to his conclusion, but I find it interesting. Surely the salient datum, tending to corroborate it, is the Gallup Poll. It is quite startling on the subject, reaching to a decisiveness seldom seen in the polls. It says simply this: Nixon is guilty, and should not be removed. Seventy-one per cent of the people believe that Nixon knew about Watergate and the cover-up. But only 18 per cent believe that the condign punishment is removal from office. Assuming that the figures stand at more or less that level, it wouldn't make any difference if Mr. Nixon appeared on television and said that he had just come out of a bout of paramnesia that had so disordered his memory on all matters that pertained to Watergate, that come to think of it he *had* commissioned the bugging, and decommissioned the investigation. It wouldn't appear to matter, according to Gallup, except that conceivably the public would be all the more pro-Nixon in gratitude for his confirming their intuition that he was guilty.

It wouldn't matter, according to Gallup, if the Senate Committee uniformly concluded that Nixon was guilty. Granted, the House of Representatives would have the power to hand down a bill of impeachment, which the Senate would be required to try. But the people's spokesmen are unlikely to proceed athwart the wishes of a people so resolutely aligned against impeachment. The people seem to be saying what I have contended for several months, namely that the impeachment clause of the Constitution is to be used nowadays only in order to remove a President, not to punish him: because to punish him, in most circumstances, is to punish the Republic at large.

Could it be that the dilemma is in some way responsible for a certain listlessness that has overtaken the Committee? Is it the imagination that sees an overlay of tedium coming down on the proceedings? It isn't seriously suggested that the senators' interest in legislative reform justifies all that commotion. All that commotion is justified only by the people's curiosity on the question: Will Nixon be brought down? If it is pre-established that he will not, for the simple reason that the public doesn't want him to be, then the whole of the Watergate investigation becomes something of a venture in supererogation.

If one had to put it on a fever scale, I would say that by the end of the first day of John Dean's testimony, the anti-Nixon fever chart had reached, say, 85 out of a possible hundred. It had reached, say, sixty the day he fired Haldeman and Ehrlichman, gave a television address affirming his innocence, which had the result of increasing by 20 per cent the people who thought he was guilty. Jeb Magruder ran it up to 65, or seventy. But by the time Dean was through, it had already begun to slide.

AND THEN the Committee, in another fit of insouciance, gave itself one of those prodigious holidays they give themselves every fortnight or so, and when ten whole days later John Mitchell was examined, the business seemed headed for a hopeless ambiguity. A single issue of the *New York Times* transcribed no less than five times (in five different stories) Mitchell's high emotional moment of the day, when he said that Magruder's testimony to the effect that he, Mitchell, had read the transcripts from the Watergate bugging, was "a palpable, damnable lie." Well, it may very well have been a lie. And it may very well have been a damnable lie. But a palpable lie it most certainly was not. Because there is no apparent way of disproving what Magruder said, certainly no concrete way of doing so. What it was, then, was an impalpable, damnable lie. And there is so much impalpability going around that, at this rate, the factual intricacies of Watergate will disappear in the mist of history, like the French Affaire des Fuites, in 1956. That got *so* complicated, that people became resigned to the impossibility of understanding it and, not long after, the curiosity fell down, and died. □

THE DEAN MEMO

New York, July 12—There is a case of sorts to be made for Mr. Nixon's decision to enter into a dialogue with the Senate investigating committee, though I find it formalistic. There is no case at all, that I can see, to delay presidential comment on the exchange of memorandums between Charles Colson and John Dean; and in particular, the memorandum from John Dean to John Ehrlichman, which will go down in the history of syntax, if not in the history of politics, as the memorandum of Maximizing the Incumbency.

Thus it began, with that perfect fidelity to bureaucratic pomp so appropriate to the bloated ego and the diminished mind. "This memorandum addresses the matter of how we can maximize the fact of our incumbency in dealing with persons known to be active in their opposition to our Administration." Get that "our Administration." It is significant that John Dean should have thought of it that way, that he took a proprietary interest in it like a shareholder in the White House. And he was addressing, in this memorandum, the two top officials in the Nixon staff: Robert Haldeman, the chief of staff, and John Ehrlichman, the chief adviser on domestic political affairs. This wasn't the cleaning woman addressing the nightwatchman at the Metropolitan Opera, referring to "our production of *Aïda*." This breezy memorandum was addressed to people who had the power to make the executive departments of the government stand on their heads, who could deny even to Cabinet members access to the President. The memorandum went on: "Stated a bit more bluntly—how we can use the available federal machinery to screw our political enemies."

Mr. Dean suggested a modus operandi. This he did only "after reviewing this matter with a number of persons possessed of expertise in the field." In other words, he was not reluctant to confide his ambition—to "screw our political enemies"—to those experienced in the use of government power. "In brief," he outlined, the "system" would work as follows:

"Key members of the staff [he named top presidential assistants] could be requested to inform us as to who they feel we should be giving a hard time. The project coordinator should then determine what sorts of dealings these individuals have with the Federal Government and how we can best screw them (e.g., grant availability, federal contracts, litigation, prosecution, etc.)."

In other words, a citizen who is listed as in "active opposition" to "our Admin-

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istration" would pop up in the "project coordinator's" radar screen whenever he came into contact with a government agency. He might be a businessman seeking to deal with the SEC, or the FCC, or the FTC, or the CAB, or the OEO, or the DOD, to limit to a half-dozen the hundreds of executive agencies with which a businessman might need to deal. Or he might be a journalist, filing his tax returns with the IRS, or seeking the aid of an embassy abroad on assignment. Or as a matter of fact a member of any profession—among those listed as "enemies" in a memorandum by Charles Colson to John Dean were Joe Namath and Paul Newman and Barbra Streisand (it is only surprising that Mr. Colson left out Snow White)—and it is sad to acknowledge that even such people as these do in fact need the cooperation of the government at various times and of course are all of them subject to harassment by the Internal Revenue Service.

And finally Dean acknowledged the need to proceed with his plan to persecute people who are hostile to Our Administration with some care. "I feel it is important that we keep our targets limited for several reasons: 1) a low visibility of the project is imperative; 2) it will be easier to accomplish something real if we don't overexpand our efforts; and 3) we can learn more about how to operate such an activity if we start small and build." Build means, presumably, to expand the list of people to be "screwed" by the Nixon Administration for insufficient servility to it.

I have lodged lawsuits against people who use the term imprecisely, a fact I mention only for the purpose of drawing attention to the holy precision with which I think the term needs to be used. Dean's memorandum was an act of proto-fascism. It is altogether ruthless in its dismissal of human rights. It is fascist in its reliance on the state as the instrument of harassment. It is fascist in its automatic assumption that the state in all matters comes before the rights of the individual. And it is fascist in tone: The stealth, the brutality, the self-righteousness. It is far and away the most hideous document to have come out of the Watergate investigation.

And the most serious, surely. Here, one repeats, is a document circulating around the offices immediately contiguous to the Oval Office of the President. There is no record, so far, that Mr. Haldeman or Mr. Ehrlichman took offense at Dean's memorandum, or that Mr. Colson did, who takes offense at the drop of a hat. No record of a repudiation of it from any of the—dozen? dozens?—of White House staffers among whom it circulated. Never mind that for a minute. There is no record of Richard Nixon's having taken offense at it. Of course, we must assume that Mr. Nixon had not seen it. But we must assume that he has seen it now, a document written by his official Counsel, to his principal assistants. Why does he not denounce that document and the thought it embodies? There isn't anything in the doctrine of the separation of powers that makes it inappropriate for the President to comment on a document issued from the bosom of his household, simply because that document was unearthed by another department of government. There is no reason for Mr. Nixon to delay in denouncing the document—except one, which I decline to consider. □

THE NEED FOR MORE DRUGS

New York, July 2—A professor at the University of California charged last week almost parenthetically that ten thousand deaths from malaria in Ceylon in 1968 can be attributed to the late Rachel Carson, whose book *The Silent Spring* brought on the crisis of ecology, to be distinguished from the ecology crisis. The latter is what we all know about. The former is what happens when one's concern for the ecology become fanatical. When this happens, for instance, you find yourself saying that it is better to prohibit the use of DDT, because the chemical fallout may poison your grandchildren's clams, than to kill the mosquitos who may give malaria to our grandchildren's grandparents like tomorrow. The need for balance in the ecological wars is very great.

As also in the related world of drugs. We are, one gathers, very soon to hear that the big scare of a few years ago about cyclamates was exaggerated. It isn't known—or, more accurately, I do not know—whether this means that further research has discredited the research that discredited cyclamates. Or whether a balanced application of the cost/benefit ratio, as the scientists call it, establishes that whereas for everyone who drinks fifty cyclamated Tabs per day and runs the risk of contracting cancer, there are ten thousand who take less than fifty cyclamated drinks per day who are scheduled to die from whatever it is that might not have happened if you drank Tabs rather than Cokes.

Professor Stephen De Felice wrote last year a book called *Drug Discovery—The Pending Crisis* (Medcom Press), in which he records his dismay over the paralysis in drug development caused largely by the Kefauver-Harris Act that came in ten years ago after the thalidomide crisis. It was then that a number of deformed children were born, as the result of the use of that drug. What followed, Dr. De Felice says, in his writings and speeches, was something akin to hysteria. Moreover the intellectual basis of the laws that transformed the Federal Drug Administration into an agency for suppressing scientific discovery, is incoherent. Much more is known about the deleterious effects of alcohol, say, or tobacco, than was ever suspected about cyclamates. "The effort now required to evaluate a new investigational drug in man would eliminate the Pasteurs, Jenners, Ehrlichs, and Domagks from our drug discovery system," says Dr. De Felice, pointing out that for all the explosions in drug discovery during the Forties and Fifties, which should have resulted in exponential progress during the Sixties, very little of radical therapeutic nature was in fact discovered during the Sixties.

Professor Milton Friedman recently called attention to a cost analysis of the FDA's program done by Professor Sam Peltzman of UCLA, in which the Professor attempted by ingenious means to put a dollar value on the net result of the harsh anti-innovative legislations. He began by conceding all over the place that the human tragedy of a deformed child cannot be measured in dollar terms. But it can be measured in terms of a child who was scheduled to die an awful death, but was cured by drugs. It is his assumption —which by the way De Felice challenges as being too optimistic—that the FDA cannot stop progress for too very long, that brilliant new drugs will flow in from other quarters of the world. But he insists that there is at least a two-year time lag directly traceable to the FDA's fanaticism. Summarizing his findings, Friedman writes, "Peltzman estimates that postponing the introduction [of tuberculosis drugs] two years would have meant about 45,000 additional deaths from tuberculosis, and twice that number in additional persons with tuberculosis out of a much smaller population than today's." And then one of those unexpected, lugubrious developments one tends not to notice. The drug industry, one would think, would become a fierce lobby for experimentation, and the development of new, profitable drugs. It isn't. The reason: The FDA's stodginess, impartially applied, discourages the competition equally. Under the circumstances, the drug-makers can plod along, primarily as producing companies, working old formulae.

Mr. Friedman permits himself, as is his mode, to consider the wisdom of abolishing the FDA. But he believes absolutely in the wisdom of repealing the 1962 Amendment to the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, as should everyone who is scheduled to suffer or die from some disease or other whose abatement is as yet undiscovered, and that means, for the sake of caution, everyone. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A conjunction

3 209 99 184 167 190 222

B. A change in the price of a commodity or stock

142 47 207 223 31 200 163 203

C. An exhibition of small animals in competition for prizes

27 196 178 218 174 154 185 83 35

D. *What the peaceniks* want our nation to be

13 32 44 2 55 75 109 139 147 157 170

E. A pungent colorless oily aldehyde; Mickey Finn

63 1 25 5 48 60 80 16 187 90 108 114 128 138

F. A type of criminal

38 19 103 182 78 225 68 175 201

G. A distinguishing or characteristic feature

79 29 105 69 212 57 186 177 229

H. A kind of rack for extorting confessions

89 22 65 131 61 150 30 107

I. Eventually

6 11 15

J. The truthful saying of twelve impartial, fair-minded men, who arrive at a conclusion because it is their duty under the evidence to do so

95 121 125 145 195 202 213 18 39 77 106

K. A natural column of rock in western North America

111 49 231 151 36 140

L. The escape of blood into the tissues from ruptured blood vessels

116 85 180 96 81 211 33 20 56 113

M. Bringing by deceit or coercion

130 52 62 84 110 161 168 215 226 40 148

N. Is a Sophomore FROSH FOE?

153 71 100 143 199 171 156 208

O. A subdivision of the Roman legion

54 86 73 93 8 37 67

P. One who wants to get *into other people's* wars

176 12 152 17 28 119 134 149 155 206 7 43 210 224 51

Q. When the U.S. Senate has its morning hour (for two hours)

188 172 214 101 227 158 179 204 197

R. Lengthiest

221 192 102 159 181 70 173

S. An authorization setting the time and place for capital punishment

4 9 45 66 94 34 72 115 87 104 117 136

T. Molds in which metal is cast

42 191 133 124 183 146

U. An idle and disorderly person or rogue

46 74 41 137 220 169 164

V. Exasperated

92 141 189 24 193 228 198 162 127

W. Enjoyment

98 120 64 53 82 112 122 160 217 129 232

X. One who helps keep machinery clean

118 59 132 219 88 97 91 230 14 21 123

Y. *What the overfed* horse answered when asked if he wanted more

126 194 26 205 165

Z. Tending to spread thinly or wastefully

144 76 216 50 23 135 58 10 166

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 856 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 E	2 D	3 A		4 S	5 E		6 I	7 P	8 O		9 S	10 Z	11 I	12 P		13 D	14 X
	15 I	16 E	17 P		18 J	19 F	20 L	21 X	22 H	23 Z	24 V	25 E	26 Y	27 C	28 P	29 G	30 H	31 B	
32 D	33 L	34 S		35 C	36 K	37 O	38 F	39 J	40 M	41 U		42 T	43 P		44 D	45 S	46 U	47 B	48 E
	49 K	50 Z		51 P	52 M	53 W		54 O	55 D	56 L	57 G	58 Z	59 X	60 E	61 H		62 M	63 E	64 W
65 H	66 S	67 O	68 F	69 G	70 R		71 N	72 S	73 O	74 U	75 D	76 Z	77 J	78 F	79 G	80 E	81 L		82 W
83 C	84 M	85 L	86 O	87 S	88 X	89 H	90 E		91 X	92 V	93 O	94 S		95 J	96 L	97 X		98 W	99 A
100N	101Q	102R	103F	104S	105G	106J	107H		108E	109D	110M	111K	112W	113L		114E	115S	116L	
117S	118X	119P	120W	121J		122W	123X	124T	125J	126Y	127V		128E	129W		130M	131H	132X	133T
134P	135Z	136S		137U	138E	139D	140K	141V	142B	143N		144Z	145J	146T	147D	148M	149P	150H	151K
	152P	153N		154C	155P	156N	157D	158Q	159R	160W	161M	162V	163B		164U	165Y	166Z		167A
168M	169U	170D		171N	172Q		173R	174C	175F		176P	177G	178C	179Q	180L	181R	182F	183T	
184A	185C	186G	187E		188Q	189V	190A		191T	192R	193V		194Y	195J	196C	197Q		198V	199N
200B	201F	202J		203B	204Q		205Y	206P	207B	208N		209A	210P	211L		212G	213J	214Q	215M
216Z	217W	218C	219X	220U	221R		222A	223B	224P	225F	226M	227Q	228V	229G	230X	231K	232W		

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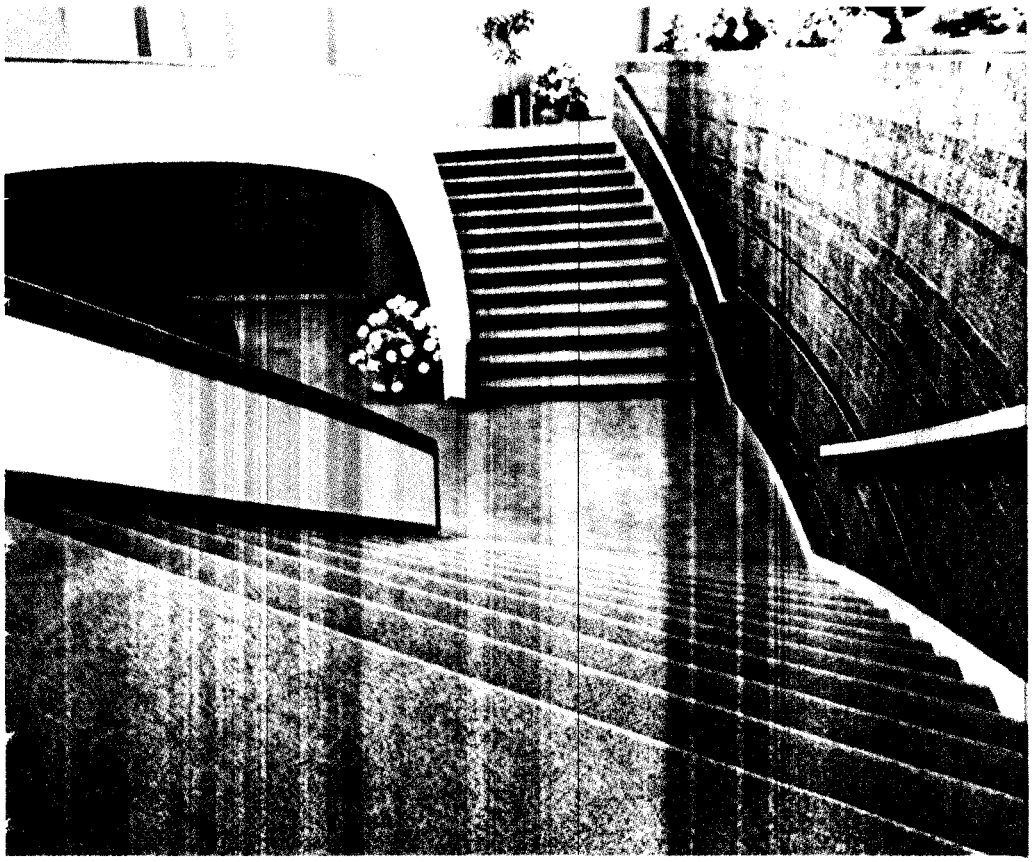

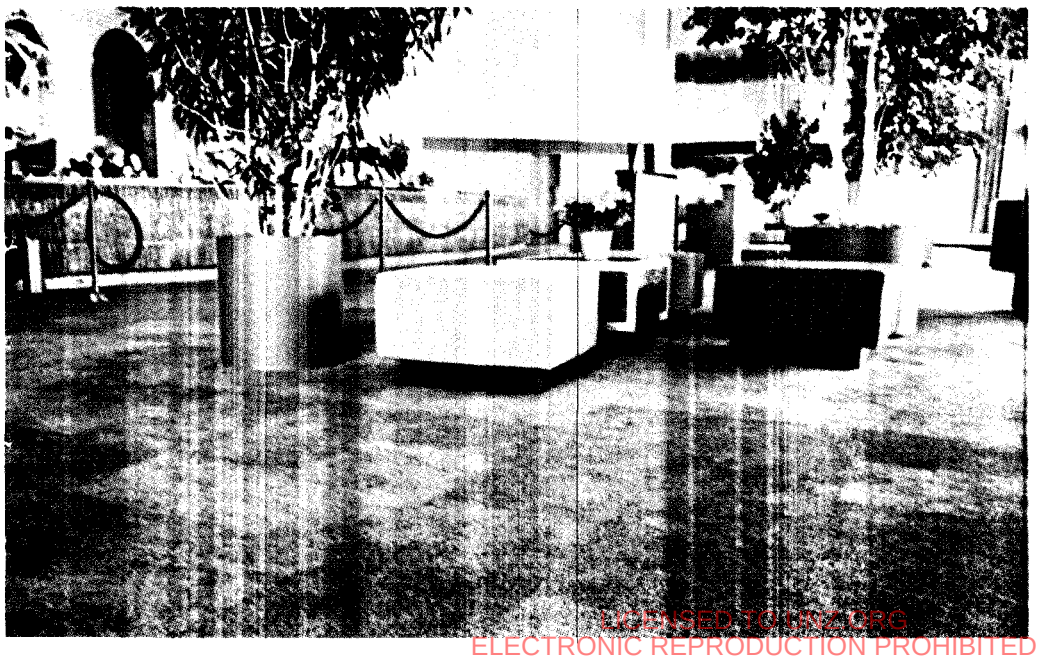

Milliken carpet stars at Dallas Music Hall with free-lay MILSTAR® Corporate Square I

Included in the $5,000,000 renovation of this Dallas landmark: over 13,000 square yards of Milliken's MILSTAR in a combination of 18" free-lay carpet tiles and broadloom.

"The carpet requirements were rich look, easy maintenance and durability to withstand the crowds," says Bob Kieschnick, owner of Superior Carpet Co., who supplied the carpet. "We got them all with MILSTAR, plus the efficiency of free-lay tiles." The imaginative renovation of the Music Hall was the combined effort of Jarvis, Putty & Jarvis, architects, Avery Mays Corporation, contractor, and Superior Carpet Co., Dallas, Texas.

MILSTAR, revolutionary concept in commercial carpeting developed by Milliken Research, offers unique features:

Longer Wear. Pile is fuse-bonded into vinyl plastisol, providing resilience and wear equal to or better than the finest tufted or woven constructions. Tuft lock is superior to any other cut pile construction.

Less Maintenance. Impermeable soil-barrier back traps dirt on surface, contains spills in pile, makes cleaning easier.

The carpet is fade-resistant, anti-static. Pile of MILSTAR Corporate Square I is 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber/30% super lightfast nylon.

Free-Lay Efficiency. Snug-fitting MILSTAR Corporate Square tiles need no adhesive, allow quick access to power outlets. Damaged or soiled tiles are easily replaced and cleaned; tiles can be rotated to reduce wear. For complete information on MILSTAR and all Milliken contract carpet systems, call or write: Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business
LaGrange, Georgia

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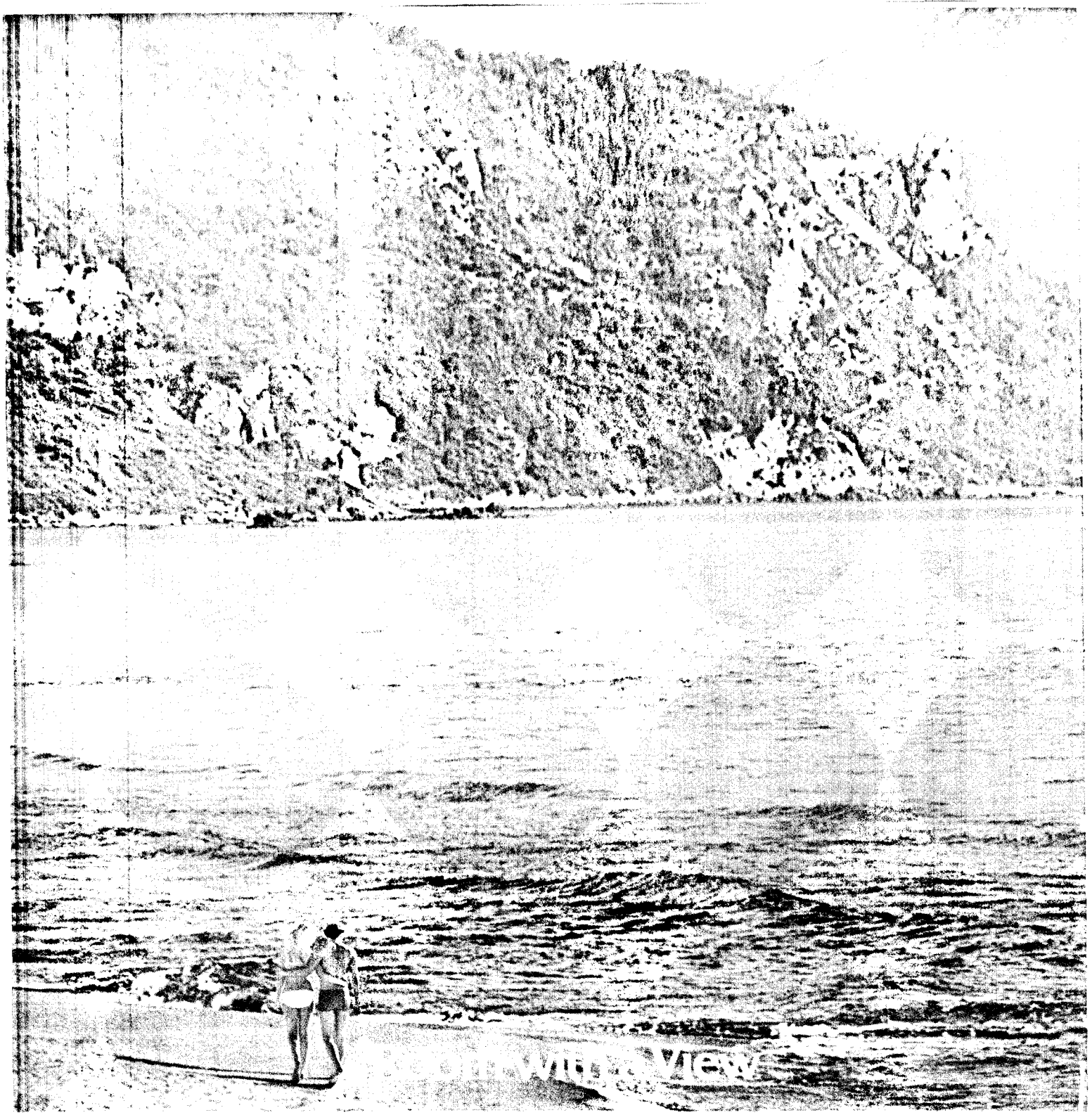

The wide open spaces of Greece are all yours in the fall.

Because that's when the summer bunch has all gone away. But summer hasn't.

So you'll have lots of leg room as you stroll a private beach tucked away in Crete and Rhodes.

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Gentlemen:
I'd like to getaway to Greece in the fall. NR-83
Please send more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

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